JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 2, 1935

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVII.
1494.

ROTTEN NEW HOUSES SEE PAGES 20 and 21

JOHN BULL

A little bird whispered to me—

Have a glass of Guinness when you're Tired

—it was a nice little bird

G.E.483 B.

Guaranteed DRY CLEANING

COSTUME (Skirt & Jacket), DAY FROCK, MAN'S SUIT, LADY'S COAT (not Raincoat)

First-class work guaranteed. 48-Hour Service.

Send 1/3 extra per garment if fur trimmed, pleated or ruched. Leaflet free.

RETURN POST PAID BY

Clark's Retford

COST PRICE OFFER ANY 2 of these Garments Cleaned & Tailor-Finished for 4/-

JB 2

This Advt. must be sent with coat and Clothes. VALID UP TO FEB. 23.

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SKILL PUNCHBOARDS

The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity, Clubs or any other purpose let the SKILL PUNCHBOARD help you. A 600-hole board costs only 5/3 post free, and makes £2-6-0 profit at 2d. per punch, and £1-4-0 at 1d. per punch. Agents working our special profit sharing plan are making £5 to £10 weekly. WHY NOT YOU? Our free Service Dept. will tell you how. Write for SAMPLE 300-hole board and illustrated price list - - - - 3/9 post free.

Discount for dozen lots.

BURDON HUNTER
(Punchboard Specialist),
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TRADE SUPPLIED.

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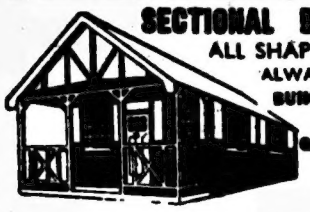
SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

ALL SHAPES & SIZES.

ALWAYS ON VIEW



BUNGALOWS from £15

GREENHOUSES £5

GARAGES 97/6

HUTS 47/6 KENNELS £2 Etc., Etc.

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C. ALBERT & Co. (Dept. J.B.) 187, BRIXTON HILL, LONDON S.W.2

MEN WITH SPARE TIME

YOUR OPPORTUNITY!

Lucrative spare-time occupation for men in regular work to represent one of London's oldest cash and credit houses supplying the finest values in Drapery, Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Toys, Jewellery, etc. Dignified, pleasant work, generous terms, no outlay. Wonderful range of samples supplied. Experience quite unnecessary. Every support given. Acknowledged the best steady spare-time agency of all. Early application advisable. Write for details NOW to: The Staff Manager, FREEMANS, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11

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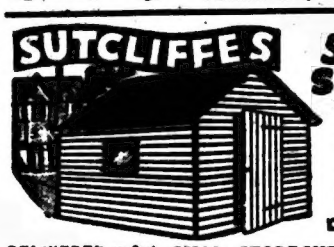

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DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value. Cent carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied free. (Floors extra.)

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments.		
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1	10	0	2/6
7ft.	6ft.	6ft.	2	12	0	5/-
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Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, &c.

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I offer the finest ALL-BRITISH Wireless Sets at bargain prices, including Battery and All Mains Receivers. Any Set sent ON APPROVAL, PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID. Write now for my beautifully illustrated Art Catalogue.

3/10 NOW

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

THE PERFECT COMBINE BILLIARD & DINING TABLE FOR SMALL HOMES

Entertain your friends to billiards—on the same table where you have dined. The Riley "Combine" makes this easy, in any home—small or large. There's a size for every room—a price for every pocket. Write for Art List of both Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables and Riley's 'Home' Billiard Tables.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR ART LIST.

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AMAZING NEW YEAR OFFER!

SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS

10, 20, 21, 22, 23 or 24 bottoms. Silver, Med., or Dark Grey. Waist 30-48. Leg 27-32. Well cut and made from tested Flannel, fitted with belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, usual side pockets and buttons inside, permanent turn-ups. Please state waist, inside leg & width bottom required. 2 pairs 10/0 post pd.

5/- Post 6d. or C.O.D. Only to Purchasers of Flannel Trousers.

St. Margaret's Woollen Slip-over In Blue, Maroon, White, Grey 1/6

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This 1/- RUG BOOK FREE

TO ALL "JOHN BULL" READERS

It contains Useful Hints on Rugmaking

81 RUG DESIGNS IN FULL COLOUR,

Easy-to-Follow descriptions of Readicut Methods. We also send you FREE SAMPLES of

READICUT TWILIGHT RUG WOOLS

CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE

(Or in the Hanks if preferred)

It comes to you ready to put into the canvas, thus saving all winding, gauging and cutting. There is a lovely range of over 100 colours in beautifully soft, yet hard-wearing qualities. Black from 1/- PER LB.

READICUT WOOLS ARE BETTER & CHEAPER

Better, because they come to you Fresh and Clean, direct from the Actual Manufacturers. Cheaper, because you buy from the Mill at Wholesale Prices.

EVERYTHING TO MAKE A RUG AT ONE INCLUSIVE PRICE

Having chosen your design, you receive by return of post the Canvas, Correct quantity of Wool, Rug Hook and full instructions, so that you can commence your Rug without delay.

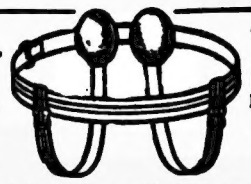
WRITE NOW FOR YOUR FREE RUG BOOK AND FREE WOOL SAMPLES.

SEND A POSTCARD (1d. stamp) to:

READICUT WOOL CO., LTD.

Dept. 25, TERRY MILLS, OSSETT, Yorks.

10/- SINGLE Postage 4d. In Silk Elastic 17/6



15/- DOUBLE Postage 4d. In Silk Elastic 26/-

We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unpuncturable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.*

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Sell your goods by post—the modern method of trading. Display them in "John Bull's" famous "Shop Window" and draw custom from all parts of the country. Whether you are a manufacturer or retailer, whether your business is large or small, a mail order department can help you to sell more. Write for details and advice, on business letterheading, to:—

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Coal Boxes from 19/6
Free Delivery by Lorry or Rail.
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GREAT HALF PRICE 10/6 OFFER 5/6 POST 5d

In black only, all sizes 6 to 11.

Send only P.O. for 5/6 and 5d. for postage. Your money willingly refunded if not delighted.

The biggest leather shoe bargain ever made to you. The uppers are cut in Derby style (as illustrated) from selected box calf. Equal in appearance and comfort to shoes double their cost. Durable long-life rubber soles and heels for resisting damp and wet. A shoe that will stand hard everyday wear & give complete satisfaction.

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I OFFER a fine new range of 1935 Models, straight from the Coventry Works. Not a penny added for credit. Approval willingly, carriage paid.

Send a postcard for Free New 1935 Bargain List NOW.

FROM £3-3-0 Chas. T. Robey's CYCLE WAREHOUSE, HP 5 COVENTRY

DEPRESSION FITS OF THE BLUES

Nervous Breakdown, Brain Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurasthenia are quickly banished by

"BRAIN SPARKLERS"

the greatest of all mind and nerve tonics. Make you brighter in an hour and feel a new man or woman in two days. Dispel Absent Mindedness, Fear of Failure, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Run-down Conditions, Sleeplessness. Doctors prescribe "Brain Sparklers" for Civil Servants, Journalists, Lecturers, Politicians, Preachers, Teachers, and all Brain workers. (Shadforth Prescription No. 478.) A proved remedy. 1/0 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (1 0).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

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TEA FREE!

(1) Attractive Case (value 5/6).
(2) Tea Bags with your own name (if desired).
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Agents Wanted! £1—£2

A WEEK MADE BY SPARE-TIME AGENTS! Much More by Full-Time Agents.

Here is a chance for YOU to make money! Sealon Teas are the easiest to sell because they are the finest obtainable at the keenest prices. Once tried, repeat orders come automatically and regularly. Accredited Agents are given every support. Let us send you proof and particulars of how to make money, as thousands of our Agents are doing. Write NOW to:

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New Blood Treatment.

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCAMP, 30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

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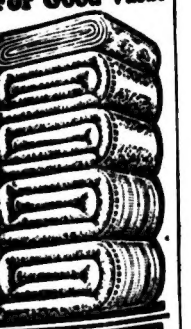
GRAVES Fine Quality Sale Beats the World For Good Value

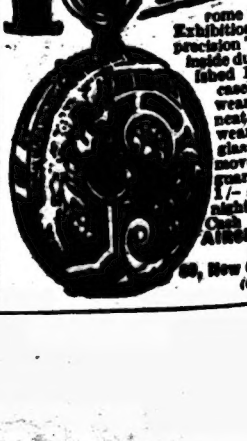


Two finest British pure White All Wool Blankets of lovely texture, with neat borders whipped ends. 66 x 88in. 7½lb pair. Two All White luxury Fleecy Blankets with whipped ends, 60 x 90in. 4lb pr; Two pure White pillow Cases, 20 x 30in; Gent's Bolster Case, 20 x 60in; Two fleecy Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in. 4lb pair. Gone Alhambra Quilt, 72x94in. Complete, Carriage Paid. 42/- 216 Rose, 208 Mossley. Drapery Catalogue Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

3/6 NOW

1/- DEPOSIT SECURES THIS 18ct PLATED DRESS HUNTER



Undoubtedly one of the most handsome watches of the 1935 Swiss Exhibition. To its credit 7 "ancre de precision" medals stamped on extra inside dust-proof case. Highly polished 18ct. plated, modern chased case, incorporated to prevent wear and scratching. Thin and neat for dress and everyday wear. Unbreakable inside glass. Accurate Geneva lever movement. Timed, tested and guaranteed 10 years. Sent for 1/- down, balance 1/6 fortnightly until 25/- is paid in all. Cash or within 7 days, 22/6. Cash or AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J.B.I.19), 69, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1 (Opposite Gaiety)

A NEW RECORD WIRELESS BARGAIN

My wonderful range of 1935 **Wireless Sets** are far in advance of all others, and much lower in price. Ready to switch on, and **Carriage Paid.** Send a P.C. for **Free Catalogue.**

For only £3-10s CASH or EASY TERMS

Chas. F. Robey & Co. WIRELESS WAREHOUSE, Dept. B COVENTRY

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9/-

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SPECIAL OFFER OF NEW COMBINED

TABLE & WRINGER

THE NEWLY DESIGNED 1935 "PAK-A-WAY" ALL BRITISH

WRINGER—MANGLE—TABLE

The improved "Pak-a-Way" 28 x 18 x 32 in. folds as a strongly made deal table with Pine top and rack for boots, foot rest, etc. The rustproof unbreakable wringer has adjustable pressure, draining trough and 16 in. x 2 in. rubber rollers. Parts interchangeable. Wrings and mangles heavy blankets. Sent on receipt of 5/- DOWN and 9 monthly payments of 5/-. Guaranteed 5 years. Cash Price 47/6. Carr. Free. Send 5/- to-day. HAWKINS SUPPLY CO. LTD. (Dept. J.B.29), Religon Works, Peckford Place, Stockwell, S.W.2

YOURS FOR 5/- DOWN

"AIRCRAFT" Shockproof WATCH

This Milanese Bracelet FREE.

Send 1/- NOW

for this world-renowned "AIRCRAFT" shockproof watch. Handsome Chromium-plated case. Fitted with famous Aircraft non-magnetic, shock-and-vibration-proof movement. Silver Chrome dial or Plain. Luminous. Swiss jewelled movement. Fitted with recoil spring to prevent over-winding. 10 years' written guarantee. Lies flat and neat on wrist. Timed to a minute a month. Send 1/- now. If to satisfaction, forward 2/6 within 7 days and 2/6 or more fortnightly until only 15/- in all is paid. Cash price 16/6. Superior model with unbreakable glass, 22/6; same terms. FREE to Purchasers. Latest fashion Gent's broad U.S.A. pattern adjustable Milanese Chromium Bracelet. On and off in 3 seconds. 7 Jewelled Chrome Dress Pocket Model, 22/6, same terms. Ladies' Solid Silver Model (with Free Gift of Solid Silver Bracelet), same price and terms. Immediate Dispatch.

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How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes: how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for Booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Dept. B.S), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

COVENTRY CYCLES

57/6

LOW EASY TERMS

Don't pay Agents' prices. Buy direct from Coventry, and SAVE ONE POUND and more. Sports, Lightweights, and 3 Speeds, on approval, carriage paid. Forty years' advertising in this paper, and thousands of satisfied customers. Get my free Catalogue now.

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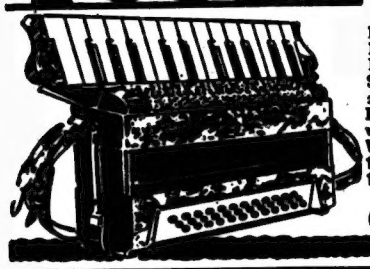
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

YOURS for 3/-

6 value on for 48/6

DEPOSIT



Real Piano Accordeons at Specially Reduced Prices. Piano Finished Cabinet, Steel Reeds, Metal Bound Bellows, Triple Chord Action, complete with Shoulder Strap.

21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Send only 3/- Deposit, Balance payable 5/- monthly until 52/- is paid, or Cash within 7 days 48/6 only.

Write for fully Illustrated list of Models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys 24 Bass; 34 Keys 48 Bass; 41 Keys 120 Bass, etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.

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The **Ampriee** method of adding to your income gives an agent **numerous advantages** not found in other spare-time propositions. Become an Agent for our **6d. Double Value Club Cards** which sell at sight. You will find this is the **easiest, simplest and most** enjoyable way of adding to your income. **No Capital or experience is needed** and we pay all our **agents commission weekly.** Everything is made easy for you—everything necessary provided free. Our Huge Resources have enabled us to make our offer so attractive that many of our agents earn **over £3 weekly for spare time work that is no trouble.** We definitely claim that this is the **Finest Agency Proposition.**

FIND OUT ABOUT THIS *BETTER* EASIER FORM OF EARNING EXTRA CASH!

Remember delay means lost opportunities. This is your great chance—send off at once for Complete Details.

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Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your illustrated catalogue.

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FILL IN & POST THIS COUPON

UNBELIEVABLE OFFER! Everybody obtains this MINORETTA ACCORDION Absolutely FREE!

This popular minor model instrument with a full scale of notes reproducing popular tunes is given absolutely FREE to every purchaser of 15 3-hole type, 100% Sheffield "Double Life" Razor Blades at 1/-, post and packing 6d. This is another of our stupendous advertising "stunts" to popularise our famous blades. Simply send 1/6 now to receive your Minoretta Accordion and 15 Blades. No waiting. Sent per return. Nothing more to pay. Money refunded if blades are not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable, or Gift not approved of.

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stop it!

NEW NAILS! NEXT WEEK!

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child!) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: *'Your treatment is miraculous, I am completely cured after being addicted for 20 years.'* Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

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NOW IS YOUR CHANCE to buy Thorn's "Strongest" steel-braced Buildings made with all planed timber, at SALE PRICES. Special features include mortised and tenoned doors and windows, improved appearance. Greenhouse glass cut to size and shape. Fully Guaranteed and easily erected. Confidential Terms. Write to-day for FREE Catalogue No. 46.

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Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Deposit.	Mthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1 16 6	or 3/6	3/4
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£2 16 6	or 4/-	5/2
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Pent Roof Sheds 20/-, Garages 70/-, GREENHOUSES from £2 10s., GARDEN FRAMES from 15/-, HEATING APPARATUS from £2 4s. Delivered Free or Carr. Paid in England and Wales.

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THORNS

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TILETEX and PAROLEUM

The ideal coverings for damp floors!

Make any old damp stone, concrete or wood floor cosy, dry and comfortable by laying **PAROLEUM** or **TILETEX**, the ideal floor covering. Guaranteed waterproof and rot-proof. Simply lay it down—it lies perfectly flat, without fastening in any way. Many patterns to choose from.

90 Sq. Ft. for **15/-**

Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls 2 yards wide. *Send for samples and full particulars post free.*

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, Sutherland Square, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17

12 BRAND NEW 10" RECORDS 24 TUNES 2/-

POST 6d.

Undoubtedly the greatest offer ever made to the public. Enormous purchase of manufacturer's Bankrupt Stock alone makes such amazing value possible. All absolutely NEW. Every record different. Many famous bands included in the 24 full-length recent Dance Hits with vocal refrain. Originally sold at 1/9 each—now offered by us at 12 for 2/-, post and Packing 6d. 24 tunes at 1d. each. Performance Rights Allowed. Send 2/- and 6d. post NOW. No more to pay. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.

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This perfect timekeeping SWISS Shock-Proof WATCH, with 5 years' Free Repair Service, is presented absolutely free to each purchaser of our new "Popular" BRITISH FOUNTAIN PEN, price 2/6 (post, etc., 6d.). This amazing offer is to introduce to you this marvellous Leakproof Leverless, Press-button filling Pen. Send NOW P.O. 3/-, when BY RETURN you will receive our new **High-grade** Pen with this Real Lever Gift Watch. No more to pay. Your 3/- returned if not highly delighted.

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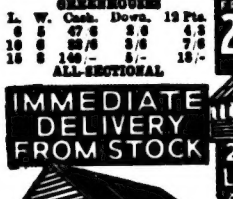
L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
6	5	47/6	8/6	4/3
10	6	89/6	8/6	7/6
16	8	140/-	5/-	13/-

ALL-SECTIONAL



FROM 2/- DOWN CARR PD

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY FROM STOCK

250 MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY

Write now for Free Cat. S.B. (Sheds, etc.) G.H. (Greenhouses).

GARDEN SHEDS

L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
4	4	24/6	2/-	2/1
7	5	44/6	4/-	3/11
10	7	69/6	5/-	6/2

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO 1929 LTD. Dept. J., Hugon Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121 (5 lines)

BABY CLOTHES

30/- A COMPLETE LAYETTE—DO NOT BOTHER TO MAKE—IT DOES NOT PAY—I CAN SUPPLY EVERYTHING COMPLETE

Modern Short Lengths or Usual Long Clothes. 76 delightful garments (for Summer or Winter Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nightdes, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Binders Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, etc., etc.

SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. HOWARD, 68, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

SUCH LETTERS AS THESE ARE ARRIVING DAILY:—"To have such garments ready to put Baby in is a pleasure. I think your Bargain layette is worthy of all the praise and recommendation it gets."

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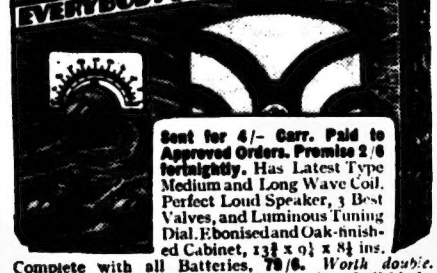

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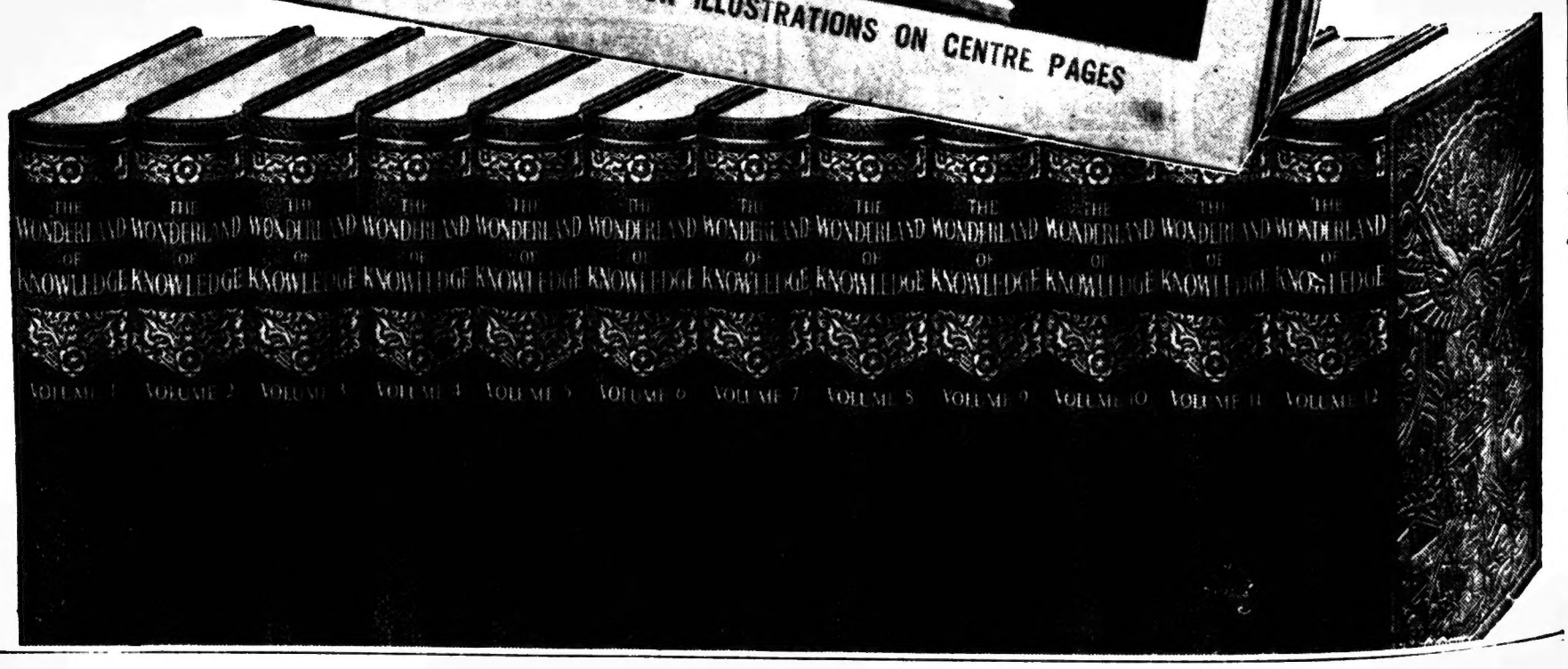
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MORE DAYS

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ALL YOU DO NOW is complete and send in your Jubilee Year Application Form and Label below. Upon receiving these "John Bull" will send you a FREE copy of "THE WONDERLAND BOOK," together with the GOLDEN VOUCHER which entitles you to have this Library dispatched to you at once on a first payment of only 5/-. **You send no money now with these Forms.**

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PARENTS who *Torture* Children

The ordeal of the child left alone in the dark while its parents have gone to the pictures

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

ONE night recently an inspector of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was making his way homeward along a lonely suburban street, when in a doorway he saw a woman standing, bareheaded, a coat round her night attire, and her hand thrust through the flap of the letter-box.

She told him she lived next door and had been awakened by the terrified crying of the child who lived in this house. And, unable to bear it any longer, she had gone out and knocked at the door, but with no response except screams from the child. The parents, it appeared, had gone out to a place of amusement—a thing they often did—leaving the child locked in the house.

She had called through the letter box to the child, and somehow had persuaded it to dare the dark staircase and hall and come to the street door. Then she had thrust her hand through the letter-box for the toddler to grasp and so gain some comfort in its lonely misery.

And so they had stood for some time, the woman on one side of the door, the child on the other standing in its nightgown in the darkness of the hall, clutching a hand thrust through a letter box. . . .

That is one case among many in the huge private dossier of a growing form of child cruelty which has been recently compiled by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

This increasing practice of leaving young children locked alone in houses and flats at night while their parents go out together is for the most part a sin of thoughtlessness.

WHATEVER the suggested explanations for its growth—the irresponsibility of young parents brought up in the undisciplined war years, the demand for and present lavish supply of outdoor amusements of every kind, and so on—the fact remains that it is an evil without mitigation.

"It is a terrible ordeal," said Mr. W. J. Elliot, of the N.S.P.C.C., recently, "for a young child to awake in a dark and deserted home, to call and receive no answer."

It is an ordeal, as all doctors are agreed, which, borne too often or too long, can create a terrible legacy of shattered nerves and mind in adult life.

To all of us who remember the night phantasms, the dread of the Unknown, that encompass the lives of most children, it will remain incomprehensible that there are parents so lacking in sensibility as not to appreciate the fact.

It may come as an unwelcome surprise to this type of parent to know that their thoughtlessness may now be punished with prison or a heavy fine.

A few weeks ago the Doncaster magistrates sent Ernest Holmes, a miner, to prison for three months for locking his three children alone in the house. The magistrates agreed with the Society, who brought the prosecution, that it was "an extreme form of cruelty."

At Esher recently a Civil Servant and his wife were fined £40 and costs for neglecting their boy, aged six. One of the allegations was that the boy was left alone while the parents went off to a tennis club.

At Epsom a building inspector and his wife were heavily fined for similar neglect. The particular charge was that they left their boy of five in a locked room from early morning until 9.50 at night without either food or water, while they went off for a car ride.

A Kent mother was sent to prison for going off to dances and the kinema, leaving her two young children alone in the house.

But the cases which reach the courts are but the tiniest fraction of those which are continually occurring. Here are some more of those from the private dossier of the N.S.P.C.C.

Three children, aged eight, six, and sixteen months respectively, were locked in the house continually while the parents went out to various amusements. One night the eldest climbed out of the window, along a dangerous parapet, and knocked on the window for a neighbour to come in and sit with them.

A London couple had a baby of six months which interfered with their ideas of amusement. They often went out at night leaving it unattended.

Another couple with a child of five left it alone at night while they went off to dog races and the kinema. One night it was found in the street during a thunderstorm, panic-stricken and weeping, its nightdress soaked with rain.

There are other, more immediate, dangers in this callous, selfish practice.

In one case six children, the youngest two years, were often left alone at night until an elder brother returned. One night this boy came home and found the children's bedroom on fire. A candle had burned down and the flaming grease had ignited table coverings and furniture. He got the children out and called in the fire brigade. But if he had been a few minutes later there would undoubtedly have been a terrible tragedy.

In another case a man and his wife left their three children, the youngest fourteen months, night after night, while they went out to enjoy themselves. The baby cried continuously for hours. One night the neighbours said, "Now we are going to stop this," and they telephoned for an inspector of the N.S.P.C.C.

THE inspector waited until 11 p.m. for the parents' return. He then found that the children occupied a room where a large fire was blazing with no fireguard.

These instances are a few of many hundred recent examples in the Society's files. It must be remembered, too, that they do not reach this dossier, or the courts, until they have been reported. At a conservative estimate there are thousands which go unreported.

It is an evil which must cease. The various children's associations are embarking on a campaign to check its further spread, and they hope by public appeal and public opinion to achieve their aim. It is a campaign with which we are glad to associate ourselves.

It is a good thing that husband and wife should wish to go out together and share their amusements. But it is an abominable thing when it is done at the expense of little children's lives and well-being.

There are always neighbours or friends to be found to "listen" to the children for a few hours occasionally if parents *must* go out together. In every town there is an inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. who is glad to co-operate with parents who want some assistance in this respect.

But for those parents whose selfish thoughtlessness makes them deaf to any appeal, who refuse to avail themselves of any of these aids, and who so betray their children's trust and love, we hope to see more and smarter court sentences —to teach them a little thoughtfulness.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Woman who Should Hang her Head in Shame

Cruelty of the "Dole" Queue

Neville Bleeds the Hospitals

A modern Cinderella, chained to her job without rest or pay — shouldn't her mistress hang her head in shame?

SOMEWHERE in Britain to-day walks the Woman who Should Hang Her Head in Shame.

Countless fingers of scorn would point at her if only her identity had been revealed in court the other day. But, for some reason, her name was not disclosed. Yet, known or unknown, the public will remember her as the most heartless slave-driver it has heard about for a long, long time.

She is the mistress who, for six years, forced a young girl to endure a form of servitude which we all thought had long since been stamped out.

Incredible hardship

"Dreadful and incredible" was how the Westminster magistrate described the case, and we agree with him.

It is indeed not only shameful but incomprehensible that in this "enlightened" year of 1935 the serfdom of the Dark Ages should still linger on in Britain.

No pay, no friends

For serfdom it was. This girl of eighteen, Joan Hogan, had been taken at the age of twelve to the home of a sister of her mother's employer.

Ever since she has been working extremely hard as a general maid, without pay or definite hours of labour.

She was not allowed out by herself, and was forbidden to have friends or even attend a place of worship. Having no insurance cards, she was not eligible for any kind of benefit.

Convenient excuse

Four times she ran away, but on each occasion the mistress was able to get her back. Why, we can't imagine. Not until the fifth escape, when she was found wandering in the heart of London and brought before a magistrate, were her sufferings ended and the story of her intolerable existence revealed to a horrified public.

The mistress pleaded that she was training the girl for service—a convenient excuse for slavery.

Safe—at last

We regret that the name of this infamous slave-driver has not been made public; we regret still more that there is no means of putting her into the dock. The only consolation is that her victim has been removed from her clutches.

We know there are bad servants as well as good ones, and that there are more decent employers than nigger-drivers. But we fear that the number of tyrannical mistresses is by no means so low as many people imagine.

Let us tell you about a Mrs. Jessie Lee, of Glasgow, another woman who should never be allowed to keep a servant.

Enraged because her sixteen-year-old maid asked for a weekly afternoon off duty, she brutally punched and kicked the cowering girl.

Her proper place

We are glad this woman has just been fined £2 with the option of fourteen days in jail, though we should have been better pleased had she been sent to prison without any alternative.

Another example of this "tyranny of the kitchen" is provided by the case, a few days earlier, in which a London woman was ordered to pay £40 damages for an assault which the judge described as "serious and disgraceful."

This mistress not only beat her servant girl, injuring her hand, but threatened her with a knife!

Asking for it

And, while talking of girl employees, we must not forget those who are in as bad a plight as the over-worked domestic servant.

One, a young woman of twenty-one, is paid only 25s. a week for working fourteen hours a day in a shop and with only one half-day off duty a week.

It is hardly surprising that, tempted beyond endurance, she has robbed the firm and been placed on probation, and our sympathy goes to her rather than her employers.

Where contempt is due

Such employers, we repeat, are happily the exception rather than the rule.

But people who are so contemptuous of "the modern generation of girl workers" should direct their contempt at the people who really deserve it.

Swindling widows

It is disquieting to hear that more than six hundred women drew, in all, £7,500 in widows' pensions by false pretences last year.

One got away with £74 before her husband turned up to show he wasn't really dead.

Another drew pension while her husband was in jail; several had never been legally married.

This year, we hope, the authorities will keep a closer watch for spurious claims.

Ordeal of the queue

We can best illustrate one sort of autocracy by telling you a little story.

At 10.30 on a recent Friday morning a man joined the queue at a Kentish employment exchange and waited for his "dole" of 15s. He waited until 2.30, though the day was bitterly cold.

He doesn't know why he had to wait four hours in that cold; nor do we.

Senseless and cruel

We only know that hundreds of thousands of men endure the same experience. And not only while waiting for their "dole," for even when calling to "sign on" they may be kept quite as long.

Which means, of course, that often they are robbed of the chance of applying for jobs that are advertised in the morning papers.

Why not?

Some years ago we told of one or two exchange managers who had devised a system which eliminated this needless and cruel waiting. Why does not the Ministry of Labour see that the system is generally adopted?

Just men

Maybe if the unemployed were prize cattle this would have been done long ago.

But they happen to be—just men.

Dog's life in Mayfair

As for the dogs who will eat soup, fish, meat, vegetables and cereals, with the vitamins nicely balanced, in the dog restaurant which Lady Herbert Scott is planning, we'll content ourselves with saying "Lucky dogs!"

But we hope none of the guests bites some poor hungry devil who happens to be passing.

That would be rubbing it in with a vengeance.

Rating scandal

We do view with approval the dispute between the Wimbledon Council and Surrey County Council, and we think all ratepayers will be equally pleased.

For the county council wants all shopkeepers' assessments increased by about 40 per cent., and the borough council objects that this is too much.

It would indeed be an intolerable burden, and we hope the borough council wins. Certainly its success would cause other rating authorities to think twice.

Shameful ramp

Besides, it affects private householders. We know of small house-owners whose assessments have been considerably increased even though the value of their houses has been lowered by the building of factories near by.

As we have said before, the raising of assessments has become a scandalous extortion in many districts, and the whole public should be interested in the outcome of the present dispute.

For love of a cat

We are animal-lovers ourselves, but we confess that we regard as strange the extreme anxiety that a London man of thirty-five suffered when his pet cat was lost.

The loss preyed on his mind so much that, after a few days, he killed himself.

On the following morning the cat was found in an empty house next door.

Could irony be more bitter than that?

Devotion's epic

It is easier to sympathise with the desperation of Bert Valentine, of West London, who for years devoted himself to the care of a blind woman.

He paid her doctor's bills and bought her little presents, though he was very poor himself, did all the shopping, cooking and housework, and spent his leisure in reading to her.

That blind woman has just died at the age of sixty-five; Bert Valentine has killed himself in his grief. We are deeply sorry, for such men are too precious to lose.

The Fragrant Minute.

ROSARY

STRING these upon your thread of life—all bright and precious beads; not clouded ones of greed and strife, but loving, thoughtful deeds. And then life's multi-coloured thread your Rosary will be, with golden beads, with blue, with red, Joy's beauteous jewelry.

A thoughtful deed, a loving deed, a deed that's laughing-gay; a dreaming bead, a gleaming bead, a shining, rich array. Then when the evening shadows fall and you are bowed in pray'r, I think you'll hear the Master call "Your Rosary is fair."

And He will count each shining bead, each loving thought, each kindness done. These be the prayers that He will heed, at the last setting of the sun.

Wilhelmina Stitch,

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

The breadwinner

Fortunately, the courage of Lewis Emery, a Dudley boy of seventeen, is stronger than his grief.

Pneumonia has robbed him of both parents and a baby sister; though he was only a butcher's boy in his father's shop a few days ago, he must now run the shop himself to support his five brothers and sisters.

We are glad the women of Dudley are flocking to his aid, and we think housewives everywhere will wish him well.

Golden words

And we admire the railway companies for expressing sympathy and not raising objections when an Oldham man who had been without work for a long time and had a father and mother to keep asked permission to run a motor van.

Sympathy was the only ground on which the licensing authority could give permission, but it did so at once on hearing the railway companies' view.

Those were golden words in a world of hard business.

Neville grabs again

We know that last year's Runnymede Pageant was held for charity and made a profit of £2,000. But did the local hospitals benefit?

Well, so far they haven't. For the Chancellor of the Exchequer put out his tentacles and grabbed the lot as entertainment tax, and, despite all efforts to make him see sense, the money is still in his hands.

Disgusting farce

This sort of thing is not only farcical but disgraceful.

Of course, the pageant was an entertainment, but does Mr. Chamberlain imagine it was held for the sole purpose of lining his pockets?

We shall have more respect for his imagination when he returns the money.

Dear schooling—and why

We see that Lancashire is to buy eight acres of land for a new school at £1,300 an acre after being asked nearly three times as much. A few years ago that land was open country.

The shouts of "Shylock" that were raised may not have been justified, but we shouldn't be surprised if such landlords are among the people who shout loudest about the high cost of public education.

The Navy—what's wrong?

We are shocked by the big increase in tuberculosis in the Navy during the past year—an increase of twenty-five per cent.

A life on the ocean wave ought to be a healthy one instead of being ravaged by the White Scourge of the slums.

We suggest that the Admiralty should turn its attention to the crowded living and sleeping conditions below decks.

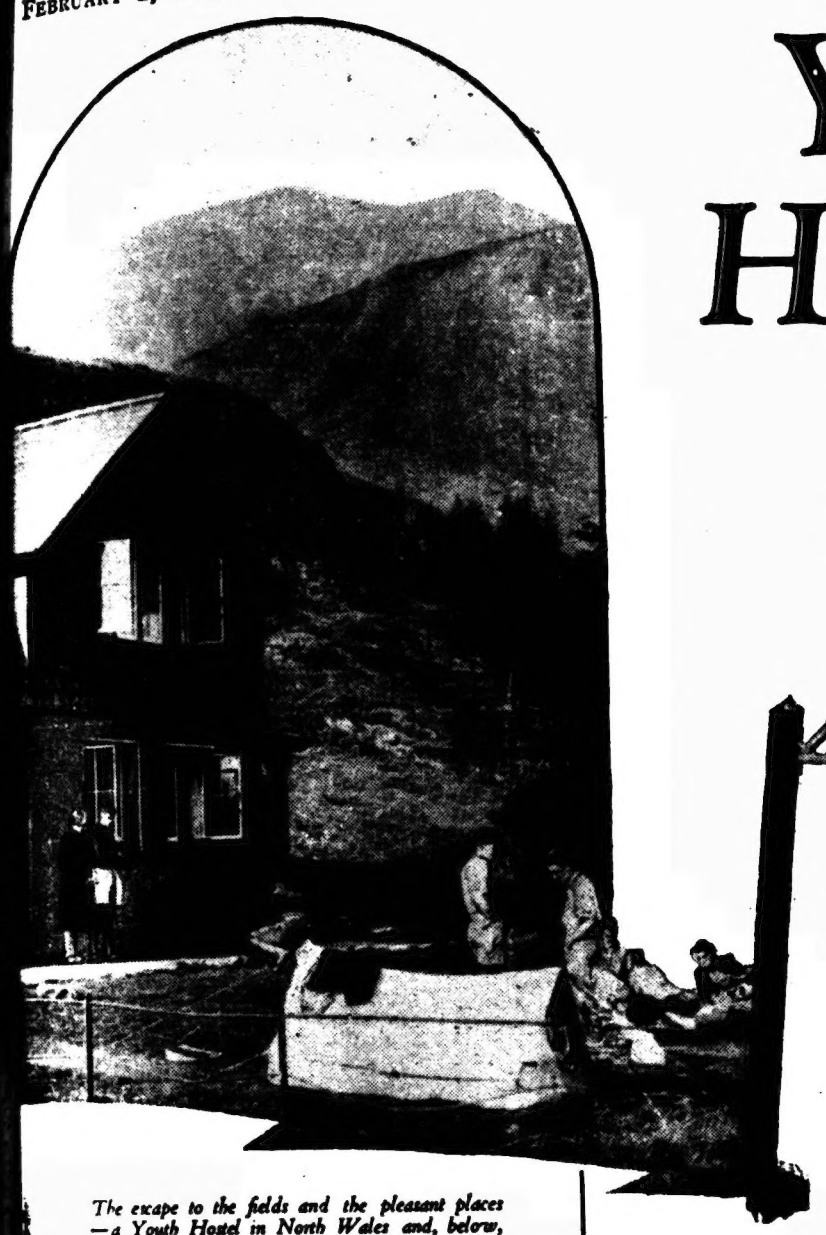
The old brigade

The people of Ilford, that very populous London suburb, are complaining that children are not even allowed to sail a boat or kick a ball in the local park on Sunday.

And a local bigwig replies with this portentous question: "Why should a child want to sail a boat in the park on the Sabbath?"

We no longer believe that every adult was once a child, or that all the "queer folks" in this world are really human.

YOUTH HOSTELS: What is WRONG



The escape to the fields and the pleasant places —a Youth Hostel in North Wales and, below, supper for hungry young wayfarers

by

TOM STEPHENSON

the well-known writer on Hiking

HOW much justification is there for the dissatisfaction which has grown up among members of the Youth Hostels Association regarding the development of the movement? Complaints are prevalent about the extra charges which are being imposed, and there is widespread discontent over those hostels where there is a growing tendency to discourage hostellers from cooking their meals. Some of the hostels, it is alleged, are becoming more and more like cheap hotels and week-end clubs.

What is the truth behind these complaints? To answer this effectually one must go back a year or two and cast a glance at the origin of the Youth Hostel Movement.

Its rapid growth has been one of the outstanding social developments of recent years. Catering, as it does, for the ever-increasing army of young men and women who are turning to the pleasures of the countryside, this great movement must be maintained without reproach and must continue its development on the lines of its original foundation. Never before has there been such a keen interest in the scenic beauty and historic appeal of these islands. Afoot or awheel thousands of men and women (not all of them young) are wandering through the land at every opportunity, discovering for themselves the magic beauty of our natural heritage.

For many this was impossible before the formation of the Youth Hostels Association. Unless he shouldered the burden of a tent, the wayfarer had to pay the often exorbitant charges of hotels where motorists were more welcome than walkers, and where prices were based on what it was thought the car-owner would pay.

Even the experienced tramper, who knew the less pretentious inns and cottages where the tariffs were more moderate, still found it was not a cheap pastime, and for the majority of youngsters with meagre pocket money it was an impossible one.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE hostels, therefore, were a welcome innovation, which permitted countless workers in towns and cities to escape to the fields and hills and roam in pleasant places with the minimum expenditure.

The Y.H.A. was founded in 1930, and by the Spring of 1931 ten hostels had been opened. Their immediate popularity pressed for rapid expansion, and by July of the same year the number of hostels had risen to fifty. Yearly the advance continued and all kinds of buildings were taken over and adapted to the needs of the modern pilgrims. Cottages, barns, old mills and even stately mansions were converted, and to-day there are 200 hostels in England and Wales, and Scotland has another 50.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the growth of the movement is to be found in the "bed-night" figures—that is, the total bookings of beds. In 1932 the figures for England and Wales were 76,867. In 1933 they had risen to 152,000, whilst in Scotland they jumped from 22,306 to 54,648. For 1934 the figures are 221,271, and one hostel had the record booking of 7,700.

Chains of hostels have been established in various parts of the country, and efforts are being directed to filling in the existing gaps. Members of the Association pay an annual subscription of 2s. 6d. (5s. if over 25), and provided they travel on foot or on a cycle they may stay at any of the hostels for 1s. per night. For this sum a bed and blankets and the use of cooking facilities are provided.

Thus for a nightly shilling, plus the actual cost of food, the wanderer may journey from hostel to hostel, perhaps travelling from Winchester to Canterbury, as former pilgrims did, wandering westwards from the Midlands to Snowdonia, or northwards along the Pennines and up to Hadrian's Wall or across to the mountains of Lakeland.

Now, it would seem, the rapid expansion of the movement has resulted in a severe attack of growing pains, for, at the moment, there is considerable unrest among the rank and file. Complaints have reached the Y.H.A. headquarters, and a special committee has been appointed to investigate.

In many hostels, it is alleged, the original charge of 1s. per night is increased by "extras." A charge for fuel for cooking is imposed, and there are instances where, when fires are provided in the common room, a levy of 2d. per head is made for coal. Cyclists have even had to pay for storing their machines.

Some of the hostels do not provide cooking facilities, and visitors must purchase meals from the warden at prices varying from 1s. to 1s. 6d. At one such place, it is said, it may cost as much as 4s. 6d. for a night's lodging and meals. In other places the cooking stoves are alleged to be totally inadequate.

In some districts wardens receive a salary and in others they are unpaid. Funds have not permitted the establishment of all the hostels desired, and arrangements have been made with a local individual, often the proprietor of a café or boarding house. This person undertakes to provide beds at 1s. per night and relies upon making a little profit from supplying meals.

The greatest discontent has arisen over those hostels where, though cooking arrangements exist, their use is discouraged, and where, it is claimed, marked preference is shown to those purchasing meals from the warden.

☆ ☆ ☆

ALL this, of course, is contrary to the spirit and intentions of the movement, and calls for immediate attention if the Y.H.A. is to maintain its ideals and continue to serve the whole youth of the country and not merely a section better endowed with worldly wealth.

If this tendency to increase the charges develops, then the hostels will no longer be available for those who have greatest need of them, but will be frequented solely by the more affluent members, many of whom could, no doubt, afford the prices of ordinary hotels and boarding houses.

The middle-class youth may be able to pay the hostel fee and purchase, say, four meals and still consider he has had a cheap week-end for an expenditure of six or seven shillings.

To the young wage-earner, though, the possibility of such a bill would mean staying at home.

Consider the impecunious youngster planning his week-end. For 1s. he makes sure of his bed. If he cycles, then transport does not worry him, but the walker may have to pay 'bus or train fares to avoid wasting Saturday afternoon trudging through suburban streets before reaching open country.

There remains the food problem, and mother is relied upon for its solution. From the family larder she gives him sufficient provisions for the week-end, and with rucksack packed the happy youth starts out on a voyage of discovery and joyous revelation.

☆ ☆ ☆

IN the Y.H.A. there are thousands of such members who are exceedingly poor, and who must budget in pennies and shillings. For them those extra pence on the charges mean fewer visits, and, if they are compelled to purchase meals, they must of necessity forsake the hostels.

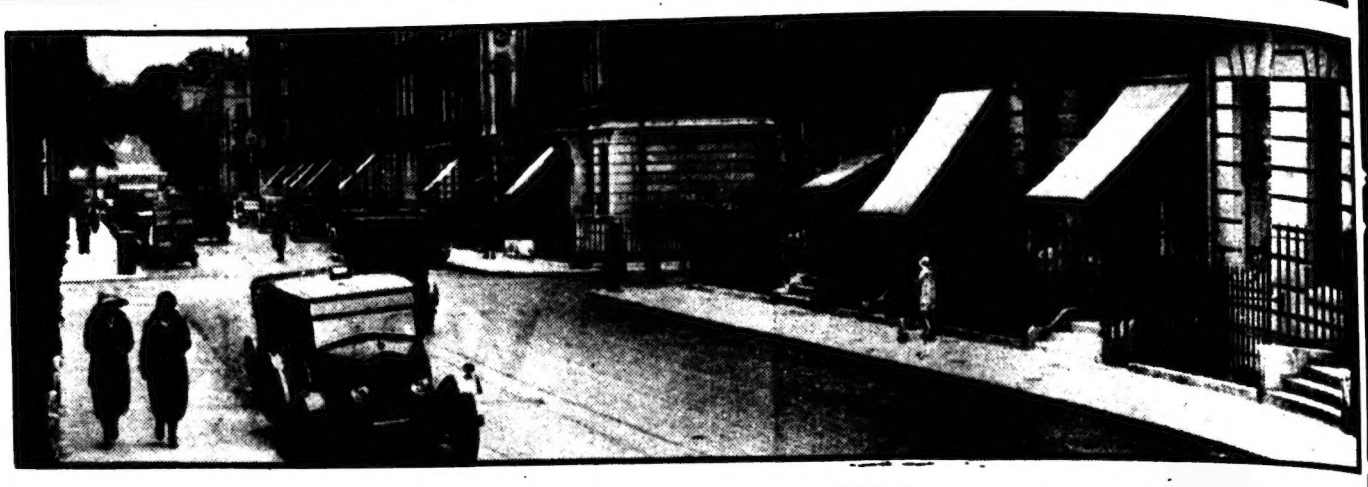
The Y.H.A. has many difficulties to contend with. Doubtless much of the trouble arises from lack of uniformity in local administration, and possibly from endeavouring to achieve more than financial circumstances will allow of being accomplished as might be desired.

Yet, however great the obstacles, it is imperative that they be overcome if the movement is to flourish.

The power to effect this lies with the members themselves. If they will not be content with grumbling, but will take an active interest in the affairs of the Association, they may sweep away the causes of discontent, and build up an organisation which will give adequate accommodation at the lowest working cost, and provide hostels free from all snobbery or class distinction.

Amazing BATTLE

Dr. Andrew T. Still. "Blasphemer!" they cried —but he showed results.



Harley Street, temple of orthodox medicine—will this stronghold be won over to the new idea?

IN a few weeks' time there will be fought out in Parliament the most critical battle of the bitterest medical war this country has known for nearly a century—a fight of immense importance to everybody who is ever likely to want the services of a doctor.

Ranged up on one side will be the medical profession of to-day, which holds the microbe responsible for most of our bodily ills and prescribes two and a half million gallons of medicine every year to keep us well.

And massed against them will be the practitioners of a new and independent system of drugless medicine and bloodless surgery—osteopaths, they call themselves—who believe that diseases are due to mechanical faults in the body and can only be cured by mechanical processes, chiefly manipulation of the bones.

Their theories, which naturally sound very strange to unaccustomed ears, are the first really big challenge orthodox medicine has had to face since the medical profession as we know it grew in 1858 out of a fight similar to the one that is now in progress.

It concerns *you*

These two schools of thought, then, the old and the new, will be the protagonists. Each will describe itself as right and the other side as wrong, with both sides blind to the fact that each might be a little bit right and a little bit wrong.

And as for Parliament, it will not be called upon to decide between them. It will listen carefully to both, so that it can judge from the evidence whether these new-style medical men, who at present have no more status than the average quack, shall be empowered to start a register of their own, formulate a standard of professional conduct, sign birth and death certificates, administer anæsthetics and perform minor operations—in other words, whether *you* will be able to choose between doctor and osteopath with equal facility when next you are ill.

That will be Parliament's sole duty. If it should decide that the osteopaths should be allowed to practise on the same terms as present-day qualified doctors, there the matter will end, for the Bill giving them such powers has already passed through two readings.

And if it refuses, the biggest medical fight of the century, a battle in which great workers for humanity have been broken as part of the casualty list, will still go on.

Qualified doctors who send patients to these people, whom the General Medical Council is bound by the very nature of its Parliamentary authority to regard as unqualified osteopaths, will run the risk of being struck off the register, and so deprived of their livings, whether those doctors think the patient will benefit as a result or not.

Anæsthetists who help to give a moment's oblivion to sufferers will invite the fate of the late Dr. Axham, who was struck off the medical register for giving such help at the operations of the most famous of all manipulative surgeons, Sir Herbert Barker.

Public robbed

Hospitals employing osteopaths will run the risk of a withdrawal of all their qualified physicians and surgeons.

Orthodox medicine will continue to denounce osteopaths as people who want a short cut into the medical profession without the cost or labour of an adequate training, and osteopaths gibe at orthodox practitioners as old stick-in-the-muds who can't do the curing job properly themselves and won't give anybody else a chance.

And a lamentable state of affairs, that both orthodox and unorthodox medicine alike agree exists, will be allowed to continue—the fact that two thousand quacks, the majority of them no more skilled in the healing art than the worst type of market-place medicine vendor, are to-day calling themselves "osteopaths" and practising with the same facility and status as the three hundred odd genuine osteopaths who have admittedly had years of careful training, so robbing the public of hard-earned money in a way that shouldn't be tolerated for a moment longer than is necessary.

The Battle of the Bones, as we may term this medical fight that is now fast moving towards a climax, started, appropriately enough, among the bones of an old Red Indian burial ground in Kansas, U.S.

Watch there the somewhat gaunt and lanky son of a local Methodist parson, a boy of mixed English, Scottish and German, but mainly Scottish, descent, searching among the bones, sketching them, scrutinising them, fitting them together into the rough semblance of skeletons, so that he can help father when he gives medical assistance to some Shawnee Indians in the district who can get no other medical help.

The first doubts

See him at college, putting his hands behind his back and astounding all around him by his uncanny ability to name every bone on the human body that is put into his hands.

Then you'll understand something of the pride that shines in his face as he watches the name-plate that is being screwed up on his door: "Andrew T. Still, Doctor." Just one more country doctor, and a practitioner of *orthodox* medicine at that.

From now on doubts began to grow in his mind. Perhaps, to some large extent, it was the Scot in him. He began to question orthodox medical principles.

Then three very dear members of his own family—two of them his own children—contracted spinal meningitis and died agonising deaths, throwing him into a state of acute melancholy, in which his mind first questioned, then doubted, and finally flung down everything he had ever been taught.

Then did he burst his bombshell. It was the first shot in the Battle of the Bones. The human body is a machine which only works properly when all its parts are properly adjusted and functioning properly, he declared. The cause of most diseases, he added, is some maladjustment or impairment of the structural framework, particularly the spinal column. And the first step in the cure of disease, he concluded, is to restore the structural integrity.

How bigger doctors laughed at the impertinence of this cheeky country doctor. How some of the churches cried "Blasphemy!" Yes, that was the word that they used, meaningless though it should appear. How often the cry of "Quack!" was raised.

But Andrew still showed results—not the accidental ones that even the medical impostor can sometimes attain, not spasmodic ones, but good steady results. And so his fame in the land grew apace—and the heat of the opposition likewise.

And here let it be said in passing that not one of the many opponents of osteopathy in Britain has ever questioned its ability to show results. The medical profession, apart from the very considerable number who are wholeheartedly on the side of the osteopaths, question the ability of osteopaths to diagnose properly, and point out that diagnosis is far more important than treatment. But they don't deny a very high level of success at treatment.

'Lightning bone-setter'

Nor is it easy to see how they could, in the face of the remarkable cures carried out by such people as Sir Herbert Barker and the late Mr. A. E. Kennard, the ex-boilermaker bone-setter, who, while skilled in what might be called a branch of osteopathy, were not osteopaths, as will be shown later.

Here, then, was Dr. Still curing even such complaints as pneumonia with his hands with even greater skill and speed than when he used to go out on cases with a bulky medicine bag. Some people called him a faith-healer. Some even thought in terms of mumbo-jumbery. Many called him "The Lightning Bone-setter," and, knowing that he had formulated a new medical science for all ills, and that bone-setting was but a minor part of his work, he hated that description more than any other.

He became an itinerant healer. He had to. But his travels as a medicine

MEN WITH FAITH

"FAITHFUL to his word!" When that is said of a man there is no more to say. Faith is power. It is a practical habit: and it is characteristic of the men of County Durham.

Durham is rugged by nature, elevated, grand. There are valleys both fertile and beautiful: and there is Castle Eden Dene, north-by-west of Hartlepool.

But there are, too, the mining areas, bleak and grim. Coal in Durham has been a source of enormous wealth: though in recent years stark poverty has devastated the land.

Yet the men of County Durham have retained their faith: the faith that in the past enabled them to build bridges, and build ships. Energetic and tenacious, generations of Durham men have been engaged fishing, farming, and in the mine.

They believe in themselves, and they are strong. Their strength is their integrity. There is such a man of Durham living at Hetton-le-Hole. He has suffered adversity. Only one who has visited Durham in recent years can know the poverty which has been endured.

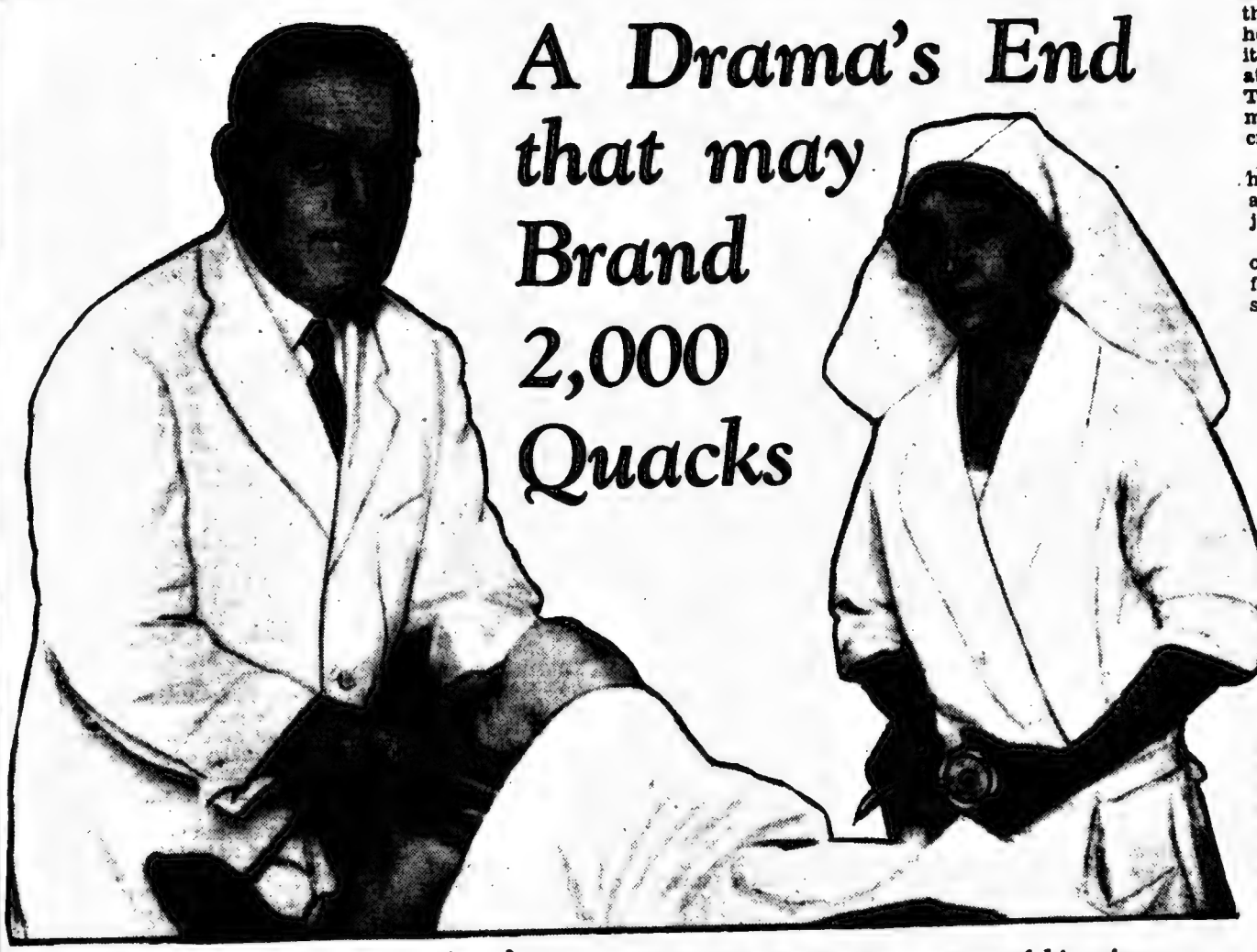
Our reader encountered an unexpected misfortune the other day. But for timely intervention he would have been in dire straits.

He lost his home by fire. His furniture and his belongings were destroyed. But he is a man with faith in himself. He is a registered reader, and after dealing with his case we despatched a cheque which made good his loss.

"You have kept your word," he writes. So be tenacious and energetic like the Durham man, and become a registered reader of JOHN BULL. You will find a coupon on page 33.

of the BONES

A Drama's End that may Brand 2,000 Quacks



Wilfred Streeter, first British osteopath. He has led the fight for legal recognition of his science

man gave him opportunities to find audiences And so, at last, with his gospel fairly well established, he settled in Kirksville, U.S., with the intention of founding a school of osteopathy, made his own sons the first four students, and, turning his eyes to his own Scotland for a tutor, chose Dr. William Smith, an M.D. of Edinburgh.

That was in 1892. It is not the purpose of this article to describe the fight osteopathy has had to put up in America, how, out of that timber-frame shack with twenty students, has since grown an independent and fully organised medical profession of 10,000 fully qualified practitioners, with hospitals, clinics, teaching institutions, a medical press, and working on equal terms with orthodox doctors in many States and with legal recognition in all.

Didn't notice it

For the Battle of the Bones moves to Britain.

The day of osteopathy dawned in Britain just twenty-five years ago with the affixing of a plate: "Wilfred A. Streeter, Osteopath." Mr. Streeter, then living in Scotland, and a disciple of Still's, is still in practice in the West End of London as an osteopath, and has led the fight for legal recognition in this country from the very first.

It can't be said that the appearance of that word "osteopath" provided Scotland or England with any thrills, for there were fewer than half a dozen practitioners in the whole of Europe at that time. In fact, there must have been many people who regarded it as a new form of charlatanism.

But there was to take place a sequence of events which was to benefit it considerably.

Sir (then Mr.) Herbert Barker was staggering the country with a series of cures that seemed to be miraculous. Famous doctors were among the people he cured. In fact, he was destined to cure the late Dr. Martin Flack of a leg trouble that had defied his medical colleagues for fifteen years.

Sir Herbert Barker owed nothing to osteopathy—so far as he knew. In the opinion of the medical profession, he was just another of a long line of bone-setters in English history who owe everything to knack and nothing to surgical training. And, to be fair to the medical profession, there have been many such people.

Sir Herbert Barker, on the other hand, claimed that he was following an art of manipulative surgery that owed nothing to Still, but was pioneered by an Englishman, Robert Hutton, who practised it long before Still carried out his researches.

To-day, perhaps, we may view the manipulative surgery of Sir Herbert Barker and the osteopathy of Still as parallel treatments, twin arts, if you will, developing along the same lines with the broad Atlantic between them.

Yet it must be always borne in mind that manipulative surgery deals with the narrower and more specialised sphere of dealing with injuries to and derangements of bones, ligaments and tendons, while the osteopath covers the whole field of human suffering with a type of treatment of his own. In any case the General Medical Council came into the picture. It could do nothing about Sir Herbert Barker himself, for it has no jurisdiction over unregistered healers. It can neither recognise, reward nor punish them. But it struck off the Medical Register Sir Herbert's anæsthetist, the late Dr. Axham.

The public was probably a little unkind to the General Medical Council over the Dr. Axham affair. It was particularly furious when Dr. Axham died with the Council still deaf to every plea that his name should be restored.

Bitter fight

What people forgot was that when Parliament gave the General Medical Council such powers it expected it to take such action when such circumstances arose. It wasn't allowed to distinguish between the Barkers or Kennards or osteopaths and the most miserable medical cheapjacks. To permit a Barker the services of a qualified anæsthetist was no different from permitting a market-place "medico" the same facilities. The Council was bound to believe that, and act accordingly.

With that in view, you will see that the subsequent actions of the General Medical Council were very far from being dictated by professional jealousy, as so many people believed.

And yet those same actions made the Battle of the Bones a very bitter affair.

The result was that registered doctors became more and more afraid to associate themselves with the new heretics of medicine. Otherwise they would share the fate of Dr. Axham. Not even the King's recognition of Sir Herbert Barker—the bestowal of a knighthood for services to his country that must have appeared a chronic disservice to the more bigoted doctors who opposed him—made things easier for him and men like him.

Individual doctors investigated the quackeries of mock osteopaths and suggested that real osteopaths—with U.S. degrees involving as long and arduous a training as ordinary medical degrees in that country—could be capable of such medical monstrosities.

There was the case of a so-called osteopath who borrowed a knife from the terrified mother of a boy on whom he was going to operate and then said it was to enable the electricity generated by the operation to get to earth. That was flung at men who had remarkable records of healing to their credit.

Osteopaths themselves didn't always help matters. Some of them gibed just as bitterly at registered doctors with just as good a record of healing.

One was left with the impression that one's own doctor was responsible for the fact that Koch's tuberculin was persisted in for years by the medical profession as a "cure" for consumption, with a loss of millions of lives before its true value was discovered. It was even flung at our present-day medical faculty that physicians of 1721 prescribed oyster-shells, coral, pearl, crabs' eyes, burnt hartshorn, the thigh bone of a hanged man, moss grown on the human skull and the ashes of a coal-black cat!

Court cases

Really, it sometimes became a dog-fight unworthy of a great calling, with both sides to blame.

When the late Mr. Kennard, the bone-setter, claimed to be curing twenty joint complaints an hour for six and eight hours at a time, with no charge at all to the sufferers, his anæsthetist, Dr. Marrett, who was actuated solely by the idea of helping suffering humanity, took on the task with a heavy heart and the words: "I fully anticipate that I shall receive the same treatment as Dr. Axham."

Although Sir Herbert Barker was able to count on the support of famous surgeons like the late Sir Alfred Fripp and Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, and even after osteopathic practices had been used with great success in treating the wounds of millions of soldiers wounded in the Great War, the fight still went on.

To-day, while it strenuously opposes a Register of Osteopaths, the Medical Council seems to have abated its war against the co-operation of its members with osteopaths or bone-setters. Most of these practitioners, to-day, have no difficulty in getting anæsthetists. Dr. Frank Collie, who knew he was running the risk of being struck off the rolls, has for four years acted openly as Mr. Streeter's anæsthetist without hearing a word about it.

Some eminent Harley Street physicians have sent patients to osteopaths and received patients from reputable osteopaths. They have sent along their own wives and children. They have received treatment themselves. And osteopaths haven't been above going to qualified surgeons to have their tonsils out.

On the other hand, osteopaths have been summoned for describing themselves as doctors, or even being so described. Some have been fined heavily—some told to go out and continue doing so. It depends on the magistrate.

Success to both!

And now the big guns are booming for the final battle. Parliament will decide . . . what?

Well, let us hope that the bitter antagonism between these two medical forces disappears, for it is unworthy of both. And especially let us hope that both sides succeed where they are admittedly on common ground.

That would, at least, mean the driving out of business of all the two thousand or so quack osteopaths who are practising to-day!

GOING! GOING! . . .

JOHN BULL'S stupendous Jubilee Year Celebration Offer — THE WONDERLAND OF KNOWLEDGE LIBRARY—closes in 5 days' time. Don't miss this unique £250,000 Library for your child. Turn to pages 4 and 5 and act at once.

You Can't Ignore the Warning!

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to MALCOLM STEWART

Distressed Areas Commissioner for England and Wales

DEAR MALCOLM STEWART, — You, in your new job of Distressed Areas Commissioner, are sitting on a volcano. You are a pill to cure an earthquake, a poultice to mend a broken leg.

For months and months, unknown to most of the people of Britain, there has been surging ever more fiercely in the minds of the unemployed millions a protest that, as I see it, will soon, unless something drastic is done, sweep the present Government out of existence.

We look back, when we read Dickens, on the days of Bumbledom—Oliver Twist, ill-fed, yes, half-starving, daring to ask "for more"—and consider that those were the days of barbarism.

We do not face the fact that, in hundreds of thousands of homes in Great Britain to-day, men and women who dare to ask for more are being treated with a cruelty as great as those cruelties Dickens denounced.

The "Means Test," a mere phrase to the well-to-do, is, to the poor, a bludgeon, a juggernaut, a tiger. It has broken up homes, thousands of them. It is a cross-examination that is pitiless and fierce.

"Have you sold your wedding-ring?" is the sort of question asked. "How much is your son earning? . . . How much is your daughter earning?"

You were appointed, as a palliative, to administer a miserly grant. This grant was made to South Wales and to Tyneside. It left untouched Lancashire, which is quite as badly off.

"South Salford is the most impoverished area of one of the most overcrowded towns in the country," was one letter I got the other day, from a local Labour Party's secretary. All that area's populace, broken, ruined, aches with poverty, protests in vain.

Well, I have seen the miners whom you have been sent to South Wales to help bearing their grim destitution for years now. I have paid them tribute after tribute. It has wrung from me an admiration hard to express in words.

But, now, those miners are revolting. Everywhere they are demonstrating their hatred of the Act. Fifty thousand of them marched last week from all over the Rhondda Valley to a great demonstration. A few days later, the whole of the working population of South Wales was represented by delegates sent from trade unions, co-operative societies, labour parties, trades and labour councils. They denounced. They pleaded.

When the miners march—50,000 of them—something has got to happen.

Another 50,000 watched the giant procession. Never in the history of South Wales has there been such a protest, an outcry so unanimous, against any Government.

They carried banners. I have seen the miners' banners. I have seen them, at the great Durham Miners' Gala, when 100,000 colliers assembled, listening to speeches that demanded Change.

You may know these men. But does the great British public? They hear of them only when there is a mine explosion and when scores die—hundreds, sometimes. They are the salt of the earth.

But not only the Rhondda miners marched, clergymen marched, too. There were schoolmasters. There were professional men of every kind. Women marched, yes, and with their babies in their arms—babies who, under the present System, will have no work to do when they have been to school and left it; youths who have never done a day's toil and, as things are, never will.

Some of the marchers walked twenty miles before returning home. They had no pennies for 'buses, or shillings for trains.

"How long, oh Lord, how long?" is the cry that went up. It still rises.

What is it these men wanted the world to know? Things are not better, they say; they are worse. The new regulations imposed by the Unemployed Assistance Board mean, they declare, that the consuming power of the people of South Wales will be reduced by £1,250,000 a year! No wonder the Aberdare Chamber of Trade has condemned the new scheme. No wonder that eighty Congregationalist churches in East Glamorgan recorded indignation.

I wonder if the public understand. Workless fathers are living on the wages of sons in work.

In order that children's earnings shall not be used as a weapon against their fathers, many of them have left their homes and taken lodgings. Why in many cases, in order that workless miners can obtain the "dole" morally due to them as unemployed assistance pay, the unemployed son of one miner, himself in work, has gone to live in the home of another unemployed man, and the son of that unemployed man has gone to live in the home from which the lodger came! Only in such a way can they escape penalisation.

We have got to get into our heads—yes, all of us, rich, poor, and middle-class, landlords, tenants—that there is in the country so much wealth in the form of grown and manufactured products that there is more than abundance for all.

There is a war on, although people do not know. In the days when we were fighting Germans, we united for a common purpose. Although some people profiteered, the rest of the nation shared, endured in unison, bore privations with a smile. There is no need for privation now. But we must wage a war on Privilege, Caste, Chaos.

Yes, the miners protested. They used no violence. There was an orderly, sane, unanswerable protest.

I know you have no responsibility for the administration of the Act. But you have been in South Wales. You have seen what I have seen. You can do something.

Anyway, you can tell Ramsay, can't you? He used to be interested in things like this. It was the miners of South Wales, and the steelworkers, who returned him to Parliament when, soon after the war, he was discredited, and without a friend.

Be matey! Tell him!

If you don't, the country will!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir WILLIAM FIRTH,
Swansea

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—It is good to know that you, as leader of the tinplate industry, agree that a shorter working week will help to solve the unemployment problem.

As chairman of the largest concern of its kind in the world, and a man of widespread interests, your advice is particularly valuable, and I hope I shall soon hear that less hours and more men will be the policy of the British tinplate industry.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—When Darlington begged to be included as a distressed district under the Special Areas Act you coldly replied that the experimental treatment was limited to areas which had been surveyed.

So, no matter how starved a district may be, it must continue to starve until your petty experimenting is finished.

Darlington will appreciate that!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. T. GEE,
Chairman, Wigan Bench

SIR,—"Isn't that a bed?" you asked a man who had been turned out of his house eighteen months ago with his wife and six children and ever since has been sleeping on a sofa in a caravan.

One way of finding out would be to try it yourself for eighteen months.

JOHN BULL.

Miss HELEN CHALMERS,
Maddiston, Stirling

DEAR HELEN,—You must have been the most surprised conductress in the land when you found in your 'bus a lady's handbag containing £70). On your return journey the owner stopped the 'bus and reclaimed her wealth, rewarding you with a shilling.

Did that surprise you still more? Or were you strong enough to rejoice that she didn't give way to extravagance?

JOHN BULL.

HOWARD B. HAINES,
Streatham, London, S.W.

HAINES,—I don't wonder you have been disqualified from holding a dog licence—but it should have been for life instead of only a year.

One of your greyhounds starved to death, its bones almost protruding through the skin; another was in an extremely poor condition; without water, food, or bedding.

I hope the fine of £10 and two guineas costs makes you go hungry.

JOHN BULL.

Miss MARIE TEMPEST,
Avenue Road, London, N.W.

DEAR MISS TEMPEST,—So you advise young people not to go on the stage. Yet you say that Gladstone once gave you the same advice.

Well, you didn't listen to him. And I hope present-day youngsters with talent will refuse to listen to you!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. MATTHEW JARVIE,
Airdrie

SIR,—Annoyed because the town council has failed to give your son a job as motor driver, after you had canvassed for him, you have resigned your seat on the council.

Though unfairly accusing your Labour colleagues of belonging to a "wire-pulling movement," you did not disdain to do a little of it on your own account.

And, since the Labour Party is doing its utmost to stamp out such tactics in municipal affairs, I think it will share my satisfaction at your retirement from public life.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. THOMAS B. PARR,
Camberwell, London, S.E.

DEAR THOMAS,—You have lost your job, are deaf and suffer from gastritis and cannot eat ordinary food—all this being the result of your bravery in saving five lives from a canal, against medical orders.

But I'll be bound that if a man of your calibre had his chances over again he would still save those lives.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. A. COOK, M.P.,
Sennowe Park, Norfolk

DEAR MR. COOK,—I doubt if you'll see the joke of being fined £30 for supplying drink without a licence at a hunt ball.

Though the joke is obvious enough, since you are a lifelong teetotaler and non-smoker.

What a pity you can't have a drink by way of consolation.

JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Col. Sir CECIL PAGET,
Melbourne, Derbyshire

DEAR SIR CECIL,—You are amply justified in refusing to pay water rates. For over twelve months Melbourne has been without water from six at night till six the next morning!

I hope you'll continue your protests. And may your action serve to urge the Ministry of Health to rescue Melbourne from the Stone Age.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor J. M. FRASER,
Dundee

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—After the revelations of bad conditions at Maryfield Hospital comes your complaint about Westgreen Mental Hospital, also controlled by your public health committee.

So overcrowded that some patients have to sleep on shakedowns on the ward floors, it has only one nurse to every fifteen patients.

Evidently it's time that Dundee cleaned up its health department!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN MACDONALD,
Oban

DEAR SIR,—Because a sheriff refuses to receive evidence in Gaelic when the witnesses can speak English you exclaim, "Surely a Highlander should get the same consideration in a British court as a Hindoo!"

Of course. But an English-speaking Hindoo would think it foolish if he had to listen to his native tongue being translated into a language which he fully understood.

Where's your Scottish sense of humour?

JOHN BULL.

Dr. ALFRED E. CARVER,
Caldecote Hall, Nuneaton

DEAR DOCTOR,—I am delighted to have your assurance that Nuneaton parsons are not among the clerical scent-drinkers to whom you referred at a recent scientific meeting.

They "are excellent fellows and obtain their alcoholic beverages—if any—in a normal fashion," you say.

That is true of most parsons, I know. But it is none the less regrettable that there are others who stoop to one of the worst forms of drink addiction.

JOHN BULL.

How gracious and necessary a boon is Mr. Morrison's "green girdle" to town folk is exemplified by the popularity of such open spaces as Platt Fields, Manchester

MORRISON shows the way

by A. G. GARDINER

MR. HERBERT MORRISON has hit the bull's eye again. He hit it resoundingly when he ended the intolerable squabble over Waterloo Bridge. Then he showed that London had at last got a man of action in the saddle. Now he has shown that it has got a man of vision and imagination as well as of action.

And in doing so he has shown something else. He has shown what an overwhelming public response awaits a leader who has the courage to attack great problems fearlessly and resolutely. Nothing is more remarkable than the enthusiasm with which his latest scheme has been received on all hands. He has got the unwilling cheer "even from the ranks of Tuscany" in Carmelite Street.

Dreams unrealised

His idea of a green girdle round London is, of course, not a new one. It is at least as old as the days of that great genius, Christopher Wren, whose magnificent dream of a noble new London rising on the ruins of the Great Fire, branching out in spreading vistas and enveloped by a circle of pasture and woodland, perished in the squalor and impoverishment of the miserable Stuart *régime*.

But what is new is that at long last a practical scheme has been formulated, and that the power and authority of London itself, exercised through its chief governing body, are to take the lead in carrying it through.

It is late in the day. What Mr. Morrison proposes now should have been done a generation ago. It should have been done when the coming of the motor car foreshadowed that vast outward extension of London which has since covered the countryside for twenty miles round with bricks and mortar.

Irreparable mischief has been done which cannot be undone. We can never now see Wren's dream realised. But something can yet be saved.

There are still some 20,000 acres of woodland, field and open spaces which would serve to form a belt of green playing fields and recreation grounds around outer London. This can yet be earmarked for public use for ever, if action is swift and decisive. And with the bold stroke of the leader of the L.C.C. it should be both.

But it is not only in London that that stroke should take effect. It should echo far and wide. For the devastation of the countryside is not limited to the home counties. It is sweeping over the land like a tide, especially throughout southern England.

It is more than a hundred years since Blake wrote those stanzas in which with fiery passion he declaimed:—

I will not rest from mortal strife,
Nor shall the sword sleep in my hand,
Till I have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

We have set those thrilling words to not unequal music, and are never tired of singing them with fervour and emotion. But if Blake could return to "England's green and pleasant land" and see what a rubbish heap we are making of it, he would not join us in our singing, but, being a passionate fellow, would lay his sword about our backs.

And it is this generation of ours that has been the worst offender. More destruction of the natural beauty of this country has been done in the last twenty-five years than in any previous century. There is nothing comparable to it except the hideous desecration which the Industrial Revolution wrought in the beautiful valleys of Lancashire and Yorkshire and the pastures of what is now the Black Country.

The explanation of this wave of vandalism is simple. Just as the coming of the power loom and the machine devastated Lancashire and the Black Country, so the coming of the motor is defacing all that is left.

It turned us suddenly from a static into a mobile people. Our range of movement has increased a hundredfold. We used to take a walk in the country. Now we scurry to the Cotswolds and back in an afternoon. We used to live near the job. Now distance is no object, and we motor-bike to it across half a county. If we had a journey to make we used to go by train. Now millions of us have our own little 'bus and the country roads that used to be deserted are thronged with us whizzing from a place whose name we have forgotten to a place whose name we don't know.

This new mobility is the greatest social fact of our time. It is changing our habits, tastes, manner of living, outlook on life.

What is more to the present purpose, it is changing the face of the country. We who work in town are spreading out into the country on all sides. This is not reprehensible. It is entirely good. We want space, we want a bit of garden, we like to see the green fields in the morning.

Despoilers' work

But this great transition needed control, and it has been uncontrolled. And in our love of the country we are destroying the country. Go where you will you will see this destruction achieved or in progress.

There is no more beautiful city in England than Oxford (I say England, because Scotland has Edinburgh). It is one of the glories of our national life. It ought to be far more sacred to us than the *Codex Sinaiticus*, for which we have just given £100,000. Yet for a dozen miles from the west the approach to that noble city has become an eyesore and a shame.

Everywhere in the Chilterns the despoiler is at work. You climb a lovely eminence above Chesham and find yourself in an eruption of bungalows and sheds planked down anywhere. Wycombe's beautiful valleys into the hills have become unsightly ribbons of houses. The fine road from Aylesbury to Wendover has been defiled in the same way.

Vandal authorities

It is not that the houses oughtn't to be in these places. It is that they should be there on some village design that would not be an offence to the eye and a desecration to the scenery.

It is not merely that this vandalism is going on without control from the authorities. It would seem that the authorities themselves are seized, too, with the spirit of vandalism. Among the worst offenders are the War Office and the Admiralty, who during the war seemed to delight in outraging the natural beauties of the country. If you want to see what horrors they can be guilty of, go to Lulworth Cove, which used to be one of the loveliest and most sequestered spots on the Dorset Coast.

And at the present time—to take another type of vandalism—there is a revival of the infamous proposal to drive a motor road over Stye Head Pass, the most beautiful solitude left in Lakeland, and the last natural glory of the kind that the motorist has not vulgarised. Would that Ruskin were alive to thunder his anathema against such an abomination!

Strong hand

I have wandered far away from Mr. Morrison and his girdle of green for London. But I have not wandered from the text. I have taken his action as an example of what is necessary throughout the country, and especially in official circles. Much is being done by private gifts to the National Trust to save the natural beauties of the land from destruction. But private gifts alone cannot stem the tide.

If "England's green and pleasant land" is to be handed down undefiled to posterity the strong hand of the State and of the municipality must be used drastically and swiftly.

Mr. Morrison has shown the way.

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NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

OUR home is as sweet as the sweetest
Of homes that I happen to know;
Its garden as neat as the neatest
Where plants sometimes manage to grow;
There's a room where we sleep and a room where we sit—
But we never do either alone!
So there're times when each yearns to be able to flit
From the scene to a room of one's own!

The suburbs are full of such houses
As ours—the same size and same shape—
Designed so affectionate spouses
Can ne'er from each other escape!
There's not one small niche in the place that is mine—
A blunder I cannot condone!
There's a room where *she* cooks and a room where *we* dine—
But I haven't a room of my own!

Oh, yes, ours is a nice house, ours is!
And we're a most affectionate couple, we are!
And the youngster is no more of a nocturnal nuisance that it is seemly a healthy youngster *should* be. But——

The "but" was succinctly indicated by Mrs. Walter Elliot, in opening the Women's Union Lounge at Aberdeen University, when she announced: "I have lived long enough to realise that one of the keys to happiness is to possess a room of one's own."

"The ideal organisation of society," she went on to say, "is a mixture of both men and women, with the certainty that when the men become intolerable the women have a room of their own to which they can go."

Doubtless many wives will endorse this view, but so, too, will many husbands. For what is sauce for the gander is also a source of comfort for the wedded goose.

The gentleman in the ancient comic song who found, after he'd left his little back room in Bloomsbury, that he had jumped out of the frying-pan into the bloomin' fire, has many modern companions. For, however gregarious they may be, men, no less than women, at times yearn for solitude.

Unhappily, the designers of "Inglenook," "Emohruo" and their like seem to have had constantly before them some such precept as: Whom the parson hath joined let not the architect put asunder.

Flung constantly together and denied separate cubicles in which they can indulge in their private hobbies, yawns, daydreams and hiccups, it is not surprising that there is no place like home for a loving couple with a talent for getting on one another's nerves.

Oriental potentates, rich in the wisdom of the East, are careful to provide private sulking rooms for their wives, and something of the kind is a long-felt want in suburbia.

In Eden two was company;
But often Adam's wife
In these days asks herself why she
Gave up that former life
Of hers—when she a door could shut
And be alone—to wed a mutt!

For ev'ry husband seems a mutt
At times, each wife a bore.
When young Romance has fallen phut
And two must eat and snore
And sit together, day by day,
While cares increase and tempers fray

A room for each, for each a room
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Is Everypair's desire
When Eve feels she could scream aloud
Or Adam finds that two's a crowd!

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MADMAN at LARGE

—Astounding BLUNDER

Will he offer an explanation? —Sir John Gilmour, Home Secretary

IN the whole story of present-day lunacy administration in Britain, there is not a chapter of official ineptitude and negligence so dramatic and terrible as the one we here disclose.

William Langley Baker, a man of forty-five, died last week in the Monmouthshire Mental Hospital at Abergavenny in dreadful circumstances.

An inquest has since been held at the asylum, and the very brief proceedings ended with a verdict that his death was due to "exhaustion from mania accelerated by absorption of poison."

That is all the public has been allowed to know regarding this man's fate. But behind this tragedy there has been concealed a cruel scandal which must be made known to the nation.

For at least five full days Baker had been wildly and violently insane. Police, lunacy and medical authorities were well aware that he was a menace to the community, but they did not act until it was too late.

It has been given out in the local Press that Baker had "held the police at bay." This is obviously intended as an explanation of the reason why he was not quickly put in safe custody, but it is completely untrue.

The police never made any effort to get to grips with the madman during the days in which he was sowing the seeds of death and he never threatened them for the simple reason that they were not there to challenge him.

Vicious attack

They stayed away because they held it was not a police duty and outside their powers to seize a savage lunatic who had not already been detained by the poor law authorities or medically certified as insane.

When Baker had so damaged himself that his life could not be saved, and the police did decide to throw their scruples overboard and to intervene, they were able to secure him without danger or any real difficulty.

It is hard to understand why they did not act before.

It had been known for months past that Baker had become mentally deranged in consequence of sleeplessness caused by a spinal injury.

Not long ago he was accused in the police court of a vicious attack upon another man.

There was general amazement when the local justices acquitted him of the assault charge. It had been expected by those who knew about his mental condition that the opportunity would be taken to question his sanity and have him placed under observation.

But Baker remained at liberty, wholly unbalanced, and so terrorising his own household that the police had to be summoned on a number of occasions. Still nothing was done to have him properly dealt with.

Then he wandered away from his home, shod only in carpet slippers, and sleeping apparently in hedges and fields. The unfortunate man knew that he was mentally ill because he called at a hospital and asked for succour. *He was turned away.*

He returned to his home, and for days afterwards made it impossible for anyone to go near him. Any moment he saw his wife he threw some missile at her, and then threatened her and his young son with a gun.

All these happenings were known to the authorities, and, one morning, when a doctor was called in an effort to deal with the situation, Mrs. Baker and her child were ordered to leave the house for safety.

Part of the house was sub-let to another family, and as no order for their removal had been given, the wife of the sub-tenant, with two babies only two and sixteen months old, had to remain on the premises in the company of the madman.

When the sub-tenant returned from his work in the evening, Baker lay in wait and committed a murderous assault upon him. A fierce fight followed, during which Baker tried to use a chopper. The weapon was wrested from him, but he was able to strike the sub-tenant into unconsciousness.

Leaving his victim dazed and bleeding, Baker ran into the road and boarded a motor omnibus going to Raglan.

He was coatless, dishevelled and smeared with the blood of the man he had attacked. He is said to have displayed a knife in the 'bus and threatened one woman passenger that it would be "her turn next." Another woman was so overcome by the spectacle of Baker and his behaviour that she collapsed in a dead faint on alighting from the 'bus.

In Raglan, Baker's conduct was so extraordinary that the police were soon in attendance, and he declared that he had committed a murder at his home.

Mobile police officers from Raglan on one side, and constables from Usk on the other, were despatched to Baker's house. They escorted the sub-tenant and his wife and babies to the safety of a near-by farm, but nothing was done to put Baker in preventive custody.

Armed maniac

He was allowed to re-enter and become the sole occupant of his house, which stands back from the highway in its own grounds. Then began the awful ordeal of the community.

The full facts of what happened are too terrible and sad to be told now that Baker is dead. The demented man behaved in a manner which filled all the countryside with the gravest fear.

After two days of the terror a constable was able to gain entry to the house and, on the pretext of preparing a meal for the famished madman, succeeded in keeping him in one room while the sub-tenant's furniture was being removed from the house.

But when that had been done, the police departed and left the stricken man to his own devices, although he was in possession of a double-barrel sporting gun and ammunition.

Baker broke every article of furniture in the house into small pieces, smashed every pane of glass in the building, tore the window-frames from their seatings and threw pictures, broken crockery and other articles from the windows in such profusion that the grounds of the house were littered with debris. He barred all doors.

And in the night-time his yells and screams were heard afar. Sometimes shots were heard from his gun.

People went at first individually to the police-stations in the district. Then they went in parties. Always the result was the same. So long as Baker had not done them any personal injury, they were told, they could not seek police protection and nothing could be done to have Baker apprehended while he remained in his own home.

They were referred to the relieving officer, who also refused to intervene, and from him they were sent to the medical authorities, who also preferred to stand aloof.

Baker's house was on the main road which carries most of the traffic from South Wales to London and the North. Every day at every hour long columns of motor-cars and lorries were drawn up in the vicinity, while the drivers and passengers observed his amazing conduct. To all this the authorities paid no attention.

In addition to the personal calls at the police-stations in the district, people telephoned to different police headquarters in the country and appealed for the madman to be rescued and his neighbours saved from terrorisation. It was all in vain.

No one dared pass Baker's house on foot. People travelling on the road waited for motor-buses to carry them past. Children went to and from school by lanes and fields.

After five days of this kind of thing, the police decided to approach Baker's house. When he was enticed to a window, he was seized and dragged out.

But the police did not bring an ambulance or any other kind of conveyance for his removal even then. A long line of motor-cars and commercial vehicles was drawn up outside the house, and two constables marched Baker, who was clad only in a nightshirt, for 150 yards along the highway between lines of spectators until they found a lorry driver who was willing to help in his removal.

Baker was bleeding freely from wounds in the hands, wrists and feet. These injuries had been caused by the glass and crockery which he had smashed and trampled upon, and it was from the subsequent poisoning of the wounds that he died a few days later.

Cell ordeal

The nearest lunatic asylum is at Abergavenny, twelve miles away.

But the police did not take him there at once.

Instead, they transported him in the lorry, with three constables, to Usk police-station, and kept him there in a cell for five hours, still wearing only the thin shirt in which he was apprehended.

Then, with his arms and feet bound by leather straps, he was ultimately conveyed to the asylum at Abergavenny, where, in consequence of his exhaustion and mutilation, nothing could be done to save his life

Both the Home Secretary and the Minister of Health must offer an explanation why William Baker was allowed to hold a community in terror for five days without interference, and to die in circumstances so dreadful and unnecessary.

THE HUMAN MACHIN

CHALLENGE to COURAGE

JUST as some people are scared of ghosts, so others are scared of failure. The mere sound of the word sends cold shivers down their backs. To such people, failure means the end of everything. It means, to them, that there is no point in going on. It spells utter and final ruin. Why should it? The man who never made a mistake never made anything; and the man who was always right first time has yet to be born.

There is only one sort of failure that is really bad and that ought to cause cold shivers. That is the failure that pulls us up dead, kills our courage and prevents us having another go. And when that happens it is simply a case of weak will and lack of backbone.

"Victory," General Foch used to be fond of saying, "is a thing of the will." Failure is just as much a thing born of lack of will. We are never defeated. We defeat ourselves.

The other name for failure is—strange though you may think it—"Opportunity." For every failure has a cause, and we can be successful just as soon as we realise why we failed.

So what is there to be downhearted about if we don't always succeed? Whatever we do is an experiment, and experiment is always an uncertain thing. The only person who need fear failure is a fool—for fools never learn from their mistakes.

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DON'T overlook the SHADFORTH offer on page 18. Good health is everybody's birthright. Whatever your ailment there is a Shadforth prescription which will help you along the road to health. Accept the valuable free book offer which can be obtained absolutely free with every order for any of the remedies offered in this announcement. Turn to page 18 now.

A FREE copy of Pennings' "Everybody's Doctor," published by a firm of over 70 years' standing, will be sent to every reader who writes, mentioning *John Bull*, to Allied Pennings, Cowes, Isle of Wight.

FREE samples of CUTICURA Soap, Ointment and Talcum are offered in the advt. on page 34. Simply enclose a 1d. stamp for postage and address Cuticura (Dept. G.O.), Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 31, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. Write for this to-day. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

CATARRH sufferers can obtain a free sample of Nostroline on application to the makers, whose address appears on page 37.

ASTHMA sufferers should not overlook the free offer of a 1/- packet of Do-Do Tablets on page 35. Simply fill in the coupon.

A FREE testing package of Kotalko for the Hair and Kotalko Soap with directions will be sent in return for the coupon in the advt. on page 33. Enclose 3d. in stamps for postage, etc.

SEND p.c. for trial sample of QUINCASCA Brand Cold Cure Tablets to Dept. SB, 12, Chenies St., London, W.C.1. This offer appears on p. 38.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) on the back cover.

MARKETING BY POST.

EMPIRE COFFEE.
3 lb excellent Kenya Coffee, freshly roast, berry or ground, for 5/- post paid in U.K.—(Write) Ralph Richardson, Amwell, Ware, Herts.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE.—A specimen copy of "The Exchange and Mart," 5,000 Bargains weekly.—Send postcard to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

A1 CHINA.—18 pc. Teasets 1/11, Assrd Cakes, Cups, Scrs., Plates, Jugs, Bowls, etc. 10/-. List FREE.—Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem, Staffs.

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON 10/- or £1 per month. No references required, even from non-householders. Call or write to Dept. M.117, for Ladies' Spring Catlg., also Gentlemen's Catlg.—SMARTWEAR, LTD., 249-271, Regent St., Ldn, W.1.

FREE.—Every housewife or cook should get a copy of a useful cookery book, "Secrets of Light Pastry and Better Cakes." This is offered free to those who fill in their name and address in the coupon in the STORK MARGARINE Advt. on page 25. Send this coupon now—post in an unsealed ½d. stamped envelope and get this most helpful free book.

SAFEGUARD your future by getting particulars of the Prudential "Heritage Endowment" Policy. Fill in the coupon on page 2, and get full details how you can financially protect yourself, your wife and your family.

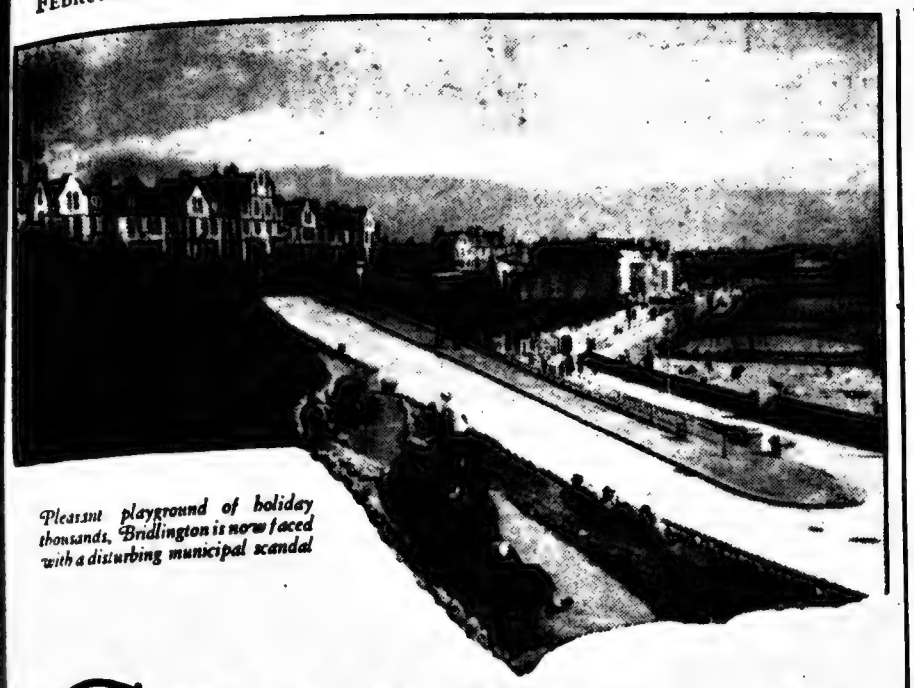
A SAMPLE of "Doge" Face Cream will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) from the advt. appearing on the back cover.

FREE.—A wonderful free gift booklet is issued by Rowntrees, which illustrates the many valuable gifts given away in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa. Write at once to Dept. X.D.1 Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York, for your free copy. Many children's gifts appear in the booklet.

THE reader's attention is drawn to the unique facilities offered by the Post Office Savings Bank on page 23. Much useful information appears in this announcement, which is worthy of careful study. If you want any further information, go to any Post Office and ask for the Free Information Booklet.

SEND for free sample tube of "Shavex," the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on the back cover to your name and address, with 2d. stamp for postage.

NAIL-BITING. A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.



Pleasant playground of holiday thousands, Bridlington is now faced with a disturbing municipal scandal

GRAFT by the SEA

AN extraordinary crisis in municipal affairs has arisen in Bridlington, the pleasant Yorkshire resort, which is the annual playground of thousands of visitors from all parts of the country.

Charges of dishonesty, of theft and embezzlement have been levelled against certain officials and employees of the local town council, and at a recent council meeting. Alderman H. Harker, chairman of the Finance Committee, declared that:—

Eight individuals had been caught stealing the ratepayers' money.

In one particular case, embezzlement and falsification of council books extended over three years.

The thefts were at the rate of "hundreds of pounds a year."

"This is not a trifling matter," declared Alderman Harker. "I say emphatically the ratepayers' money is being stolen by hundreds a year."

These disclosures are disquieting enough, *but will it be believed that so far no culprits have been named or their positions indicated? No prosecutions have taken place.*

Obviously when abuses of such a kind have been discovered, the position should not be left "in the air." A policy of secrecy is deplorable. Full disclosures are necessary, or innocent people must remain under the cloud of suspicion.

Therefore, JOHN BULL, after investigation on the spot, proposes to tell the whole story.

Detection of the condition of affairs at Bridlington was made by a young audit clerk, appointed to the council staff some time ago on the recommendation of the Finance Committee. This accountancy expert worked silently and well until he was able to produce evidence of widespread malpractices.

☆ ☆ ☆

CHIEF of the offenders was Mr. W. Hillerby, the elderly superintendent of the town cemetery, with a record of many years' service. To this official was left the control of the council-owned cemetery, and the upkeep of the graves.

Relatives of people buried in the cemetery would go to the superintendent, and arrange with him for the tending and cultivation of graves at certain fixed charges. Hillerby heard their instructions, received their money, gave official receipts and was responsible for seeing that the work required was satisfactorily carried out.

What happened with Hillerby was this: he took money for attendance to the graves, but he entered up false receipts.

He was tackled on the matter, and made a full confession. He admitted that he had been robbing the council and falsifying the books *for no less than three years.*

It was impossible to ascertain exactly how much the superintendent had secured by his persistent dishonesty, *for he had burned the old counterfoil books.*

No police court proceedings have been instituted against Hillerby. Because of his age, and the fact that he is near to retirement on pension, he has been allowed to continue in the council's service, but at a reduced salary, and relieved of some of his responsibility.

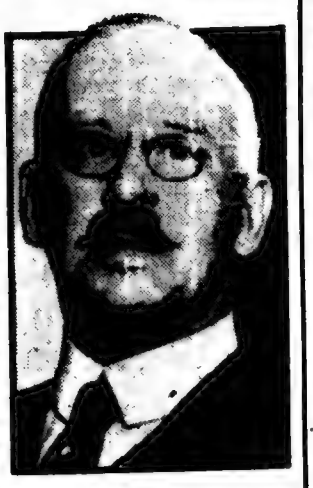
What is more, the council have not claimed any return of their losses from the insurance company under which the man was insured by a fidelity bond.

Nothing, of course, can excuse the conduct of the cemetery superintendent. He admits to being a rogue. It can be said, however, that the conditions of his employment must have been exceptionally onerous. The old man had not had a proper holiday for the past twenty-four years; an unpleasant reflection on Bridlington.

The other thefts from the municipal treasury are of a different category. They were on the part of employees engaged in the collection of charges from visitors during the season: the small fees for the ordinary amenities and conveniences of an up-to-date seaside town. All the collectors who were suspect were immediately discharged from the council service. But again no prosecutions were initiated. And again it was impossible to discover the total proceeds of the robberies.

Now as a prevention for the future a new system of accountancy and control of the corporation finances is to be introduced.

That reform is commendable. But we do strongly suggest for the credit of Bridlington a full public investigation is needed into the whole sorry business.



Alderman Harker. He said: "Ratepayers' money is being stolen."

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS FROM
SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Cheap FISH *Swindle*

WHEN the chief industry of a town is brought into disrepute by the behaviour of one man, and retailers and private consumers all over the country are victimised, plain words of warning are called for.

That is why I am devoting space this week to the exposure of James Edward Bromley, of the fishing town of Great Grimsby. If ever a rogue deserved to be exposed in all his crooked dealings it is this man.

For years he has fleeced traders and private individuals in every part of Britain, and he still continues his malpractices.

"A man of this kind is a danger to the trade of the port," declared the Chief Constable of Grimsby on an occasion when Bromley was prosecuted before the police court and fined for breaches of the Registration of Business Names Act.

And when readers have read this article they will doubtless echo these sentiments with wholehearted accord.

Bromley passes as a legitimate and well-established fish merchant. His business stationery gives him two addresses—the first at Hamilton Street and the other a "herring-curing house" in Rigby Street. Without question, also, he gains capital from the fact that there is a first-class and highly reputable firm of fish merchants, of the same name as himself at a different address in Grimsby, and with a branch at Fleetwood.

By means of circulars and advertisements, James Edward Bromley, of Hamilton Street, gets into touch with small fish retailers and private consumers throughout the country.

☆ ☆ ☆

TO them he offers consignments of supposed freshly caught fish at prices well below the current market rate.

Orders and cash payments come to him, and then Bromley, by using a variety of excuses, delays executing the commission. Usually — though not always—he eventually does despatch some fish, but nothing like the full quantity or kind ordered.

And the fish he does send is frequently of very poor quality, unsaleable and uneatable.

When clients complain, demanding their good money back, Bromley takes no notice whatever. He realises that to secure a recovery of their payments to him they must take civil proceedings at Grimsby, and few are likely to run to that expense or trouble.

In the same way he knows that a criminal prosecution would be difficult and would entail a journey to Grimsby on the part of the complainant.

So he succeeds in his persistent knavery, gaining a comfortable and easy livelihood thereby. His earnings must be considerable, for the orders he receives range from about 12s. to 30s. apiece, and they arrive in numbers.

I am able to state, from my enquiries into the career of James Edward Bromley, that he is not a recognised fish merchant at all. The claims made in his circulars are just part and parcel of a monstrous pretence, designed to deceive his dupes. Who, for instance, would possibly guess that the address in Hamilton Street is his private house, or that he has no herring-curing factory?

The plain truth is that he has not even a stand on the Grimsby Fish Dock. He buys where and how he can, stuff that honest dealers would not touch; and he packs it in any odd corner of the fish market. It is known that he secures the names and addresses of retailers—to whom he afterwards sends his cut price circulars—by copying the labels on consignments of fish awaiting carriage from the Grimsby goods stations.

☆ ☆ ☆

A SPECIALITY of his is to secure customers at places as far away as possible from Grimsby. For that is a safeguard to him. The farther away they are the less likely are they to travel to Grimsby and tackle him in person.

Literally hundreds of complaints have been received about James Edward Bromley not only by different county and borough police forces in England and Wales, but even by the police in Ireland. Time after time he has been warned, but still carries on.

Police court convictions have been registered against him for his misconduct, and he has suffered imprisonment; but punishment seems to have had no effect in reforming the fellow.

One name under which he traded for a time, without registration, was that of "H. Fellows." At another he was associated with a concern called the Saxon Fish Company.

Most of the people swindled by this rogue are struggling shopkeepers in small towns, who can ill afford the loss of money which even one order to the man may entail.

In one particular case the victim was a poor woman who, to maintain a crippled husband, was selling fish from door to door in Devonshire villages. She went in distress to her local police for advice as to how she could make Bromley disgorge the money she had paid him on an order which was not fulfilled.

The excuses which Bromley normally makes for non-compliance with an order are that the weather has been too rough, and consequently the landings of fish too scanty to permit of his supplying at the figures quoted, or that he has been away ill and unable to attend to business.

"Mr. Bromley is away and the matter cannot be attended to until his return" was an intimation which one complainant received. On that occasion, at least, the excuse was *actually true.* Mr. Bromley was away. He was in prison at the time!

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REALLY, I feel that I am rendering a public service by disclosing the truth about a rogue of the James Edward Bromley stamp, and I trust that the wide publicity of my columns will end his bogus fish marketing frauds.

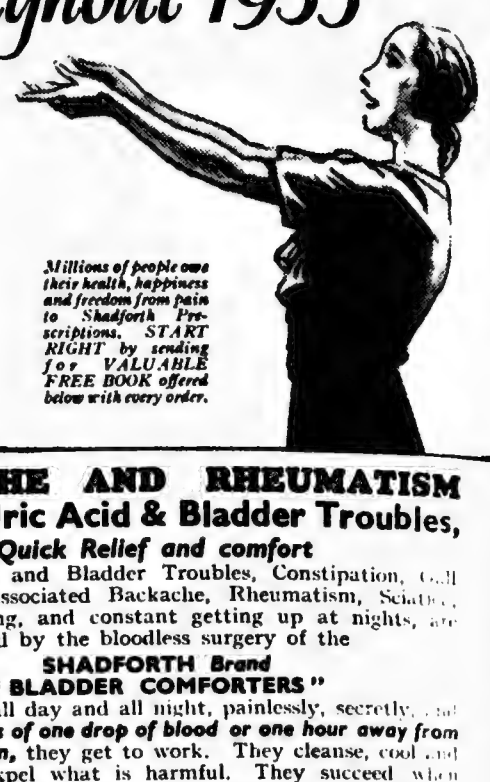
James Edward Bromley should be drummed out of the town.

GOOD HEALTH *throughout 1935*

Are all in your home enjoying the best of health? If not, here are 9 of the world's best prescriptions. They have proved their worth in countless homes and will do the same in yours. Try them and prove it.

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS WILL MAKE YOU FIT, KEEP YOU FIT, AND SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILLS

GOOD health is everybody's birthright! Brighter days will soon be here—the open road and sunshine will call you to enjoyment and activity. Will your response be instant—eager? Or will ill-health keep you in misery at home? Act now. Whatever your ailment, there is a Shadforth Prescription which will help you along the road to health. Each remedy has been proved by time to be of the greatest aid and is guaranteed for purity, quality and efficacy. Send now for those you need! **See Special Coupon Offer Below!** ★



Millions of people owe their health, happiness and freedom from pain to Shadforth Prescriptions. START RIGHT by sending for VALUABLE FREE BOOK offered below with every order.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE!

GASTRITIS, ACIDITY AND PAIN AFTER EATING DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

YOU need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis, or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fulness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by **Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1,077).** Popularly known as "White Lions."

Why restrict yourself to a narrow diet? Eat in moderation and enjoy your favourite dishes without unpleasant after-effects. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Ask for "White Lions." They give prompt relief and comfort.

A Trial will convince you and make your mealtime happier!

Price 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions), with directions.

Make your mealtimes happier! A trial will prove that "White Lions" are ***THE WORLD'S GREATEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.***

BACKACHE AND RHEUMATISM
Kidney, Uric Acid & Bladder Troubles,
Quick Relief and comfort

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Troubles, Constipation, Gall Stones with associated Backache, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding, and constant getting up at nights, are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the

SHADFORTH *Brand*
"BLADDER COMFORTERS"

Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and ***without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour away from your occupation,*** they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They expel what is harmful. They succeed when other remedies have failed. Stop worrying! Start taking this **proved** remedy now, and be quickly restored.

Ask for "Bladder Comforters," Shadforth Prescription No. 225. Prices: 2 6 (50), 4 6 (100), 13 - 300.

HEART and Nerve TROUBLES
Prescription That Always Gives Relief.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **SHADFORTH HEART TONIC No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will ***strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys.***

Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, trembling, run-down condition, and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling

MOTHER!
Do You Know That

operations on children for ENLARGED TONSILS and ADENOIDS are now definitely out of date?

A well-known English doctor has drawn up a most successful treatment which can be carried out easily at home. It is very efficacious, and is claimed to be one of the most important recent advances in medicine. This bloodless treatment, which has saved hundreds of operations, is specially dispensed with full directions for 7/6.

Ask for the **Shadforth Treatment for Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids (No. 331/TAD).**

Septic Tonsils and Nasal obstructions in adults are also conquered without operation, pain, or loss of blood.

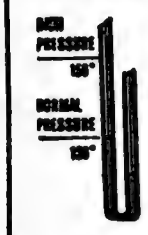
NEVER ILL OLD SALTS
A Spoonful a day keeps the Doctor Away.

The best morning Salts for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Gout, Rheumatism, Fever, Acne, Obesity, etc. Drink it **first thing every morning.** Tasteless with your tea.

For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-Top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.

Prices, post free. In air-tight canisters 6d. and 1/-

HOW TO AVOID A "STROKE"
Specialist says, "Keep your arteries young, your blood pressure low, and add years to your life."



HIGH Blood Pressure means High Risks! Here is a treatment which will lower it, 10 or more points a month, and KEEP it reasonably low. Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns. Steady heart action, co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries, is now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonition of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you feel years younger.

Get it now.
Prescription No. 1168/T.
Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

WOMAN'S DANGER YEARS
Help for Women over forty.

JUST the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

COLD IN THE NOSE
Is NOT a trifling matter. Here is Positive Relief.

NASAL Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Winter Cough, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest and Lung Diseases.

The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save one from being "laid-up" for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small. Recommended by Specialists the world over.

Prices: 2/9, 4/6, and 8/6.

WINTER COUGHS
The new Chest and Lung Tonic

ONE of the latest products of the Shadforth Laboratories, prescribed for common Winter coughs, colds, and chest troubles in adults when asthma and bronchitis are absent.

Gives quick relief and comfort, promotes restful nights; good for aged patients. When mixed with sugar and water as directed, makes 2 pints of the World's Best Chest and Lung Tonic.

Shadforth Prescription No. 617.
Price: 3/- per bottle.

USE THIS SOOTHING, WARMING LUNG TONIC AND STOP THAT COUGH!

Post this Coupon NOW! FREE
to "John Bull" Readers

Cut out this Coupon to secure 2/6 Book, Free with every order for a limited time only.

Mr. SHADFORTH'S BOOK ON DISEASES OF THE BLOOD, BLADDER AND KIDNEYS. ★

PUBLISHED AT 2/6, and containing 110 pages packed with valuable information. Gives simple home treatments for complaints and ailments where advisable.

THIS BOOK SHOULD BE IN EVERY WELL-RUN HOME.

These advertised prescriptions may be obtained direct from us, or from any chemist. If purchasing from chemist send leaflet enclosed with medicines, together with this coupon, and the book will be forwarded post free by return.

Book No. A189. "John Bull," 2/2/1935.

ALL THE FAMOUS PRESCRIPTIONS ABOVE MAY BE HAD PRIVATELY PACKED AND POST FREE BY RETURN POST AT ABOVE PRICES from:

Shadforth

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LIMITED
Dispensing Chemists
(Dept. J.B. 98), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4
and Branches.

Shadforth's famous prescriptions may also be obtained from Boots, Taylor's, Timothy Whites, and your Local or leading Chemist who either hold stocks or will gladly obtain on request.

The Knife in a Hero's Back

FOR VALOUR: 8/-

FOUND lying unconscious by the side of the Watford by-pass road one evening recently, Walter Birch, once an upholsterer, of 7, Gorle Close, Leavesden Green, Hertfordshire, was taken to Watford Peace Memorial Hospital, where he was treated for head and facial injuries.

He was not the victim of a motoring accident; nor had he been set upon by rogues. The circumstances surrounding his misfortune reveal one of the most disgraceful cases of a neglected ex-Service man we have ever made known.

From the hospital which was erected to commemorate victory and peace, Walter Birch went to a home that is kept beautifully clean—one of a thousand uniform houses on a modern housing estate.

He went to resume a battle with the Ministry of Pensions that is already five years old. A wreck of humanity, he suffers from epileptic hysteria and neurasthenia that dates back to when he was wounded in a bayonet charge at Trones Wood, on the Somme, in July, 1916.

Desperate duel

One of a handful of artillerymen sent from the 73rd Brigade to reinforce the famous Buffs, Birch took part in a terrible hand-to-hand encounter. He killed one opponent, though not before he had himself been severely wounded in the throat.

The memory of that desperate duel for life has never left him. He had already served with the Guards Division at Ypres, where he suffered untold privations. When he became a casualty, he was taken down the line to the 9th General Hospital at Rouen.

He was treated with kindness and consideration, and a few weeks later he was back in the front line with his battery. A faded photograph, of which he is very proud, shows him with a section of eleven men. To-day he is the sole survivor!

Birch was wounded again, this time in the head: was taken to hospital in Albert, and eventually sent home to the hospital at South Meads, in Bristol.

In the following December he was discharged, "being no longer fit for service." The officer in charge of records at Woolwich certified him to be of excellent character.

He was awarded a 100 per cent. disability pension, which continued until shortly after the war. Eventually he fell in love, married, and went back to his old work as an upholsterer.

Then, for the first time in his life, he became subject to seizures. He could not banish the grim picture of that bayonet charge at Trones Wood from his mind. His health deteriorated and he lost one job after another.

Meanwhile, he went before a medical board composed of three doctors at Chelsea Royal Hospital, and his disability was assessed at 80 per cent.

The pittance

For ten years, during which time a daughter reached school-going age, Birch drew 32s. a week in respect of his disability.

He worked as occasion offered, though he was no longer able to follow his old occupation.

A memento which Birch treasures is a certificate, one signed by His Majesty the King, which hangs framed upon the wall, and reads:

"Driver Walter Birch, No. 123071. Served with honour and was disabled in the Great War. Honourably discharged on December 9, 1916."

The engraving conveys all that it is necessary to add relative to the fine war record of this tragic victim of departmental stupidity.

Mr. and Mrs. Birch and their bread-winner daughter of fifteen

In the years since that certificate was awarded, Birch has gathered together two homes, which, one after the other, have been lost. His third is a credit to the loyalty of his wife and the devotion of his only child.

In January, 1930, he was summoned to appear before yet another medical board; and, accompanied by his wife, he went to the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, where he was examined.

He was questioned as to the possibility of epilepsy being hereditary in his family, and he apparently satisfied the doctors that no previous history existed in his case.

Birch at that time was not only unemployed, he was very ill. He has never known a day free of care and anxiety since the war. Yet this final award, when it came through, found him with a new rate of pension assessed at 20 per cent.

This war-shattered man now receives a mere pittance of 8s. a week!

Representations have been made to the Ministry of Pensions, who are content to state that the case is statutorily closed and that a further award is, therefore, not admissible under the Royal Warrants.

The Ministry have, however, conveniently overlooked the fact that they have full power to grant an increase of pension under special sanction. There is not the slightest doubt that this is a case in which that power should be exercised without delay.

It is hardly surprising that all the years of strain and struggle have also told upon his loyal wife. She has lost more than four stone in weight, for it is upon her frail shoulders that the burden of responsibility in keeping the home going has fallen. From more than nine stone a few years ago she has wasted away to less than five stone eight. The average child of fourteen years weighs more.

Declared by a doctor to be totally unfit for work of any kind, Birch is naturally ineligible for unemployment insurance benefit. The seizures to which he has been liable since his war experiences have steadily grown worse, yet he has long since ceased to be entitled to a penny from national health insurance funds.

The Watford public assistance committee awarded the family an allowance for meat and vegetables; but when his doctor ordered Birch an additional pint of milk each day, the equivalent was immediately deducted from this relief.

The award takes the form of tickets which can only be exchanged through certain channels; but the nearest shop is at least a mile and a half distant.

A square deal!

And since the night upon which her husband was found lying unconscious by the side of the road, Mrs. Birch has been required constantly to attend him. He cannot be left at home by himself.

Some months have passed since his daughter, an attractive girl of fifteen years, started to work in a factory; and no less tragic is her plight. Her mother has broken down under the strain, and so the burden has now descended upon her own slender shoulders.

In the factory where she is employed she fills and labels bottles for a weekly wage of 12s. 6d., which is entirely taken up trying to make ends meet at home.

In order to save expenses, she walks more than three miles to work.

Her ex-soldier father is mainly dependent upon her efforts for the little comfort he receives. Proper treatment for his condition was discontinued long ago.

And there, without any exaggeration, is the tragic story of ex-Driver Walter Birch, whose heritage is callous neglect and the hideous memory of that bayonet charge in Trones Wood.

We doubt if the Ministry of Pensions itself could unfold a more disgraceful case of flagrant ill-usage. This unfortunate victim of war, who served faithfully and who was discharged honourably, must be given a square deal.

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Which Character?

SOME of the leaders of the Nazis in Germany are proclaiming loudly that the character of Christ is no ideal for imitation by German youth; that it is not suited to the German genius because not strong enough or manly enough; that His meekness and humility are merely contemptible, and that what is most necessary in this hard world is not self-effacement, but self-assertion and plenty of it.

There are those in our own country who would say the same in different words. Only the other day a still living writer declared that disinterestedness was a myth and that he had no patience with the person who submitted to insult in silence like the Founder of the Christian religion.

H. G. Wells wrote a few years ago very sympathetically of the reverence attaching to the name of Christ, but confessed in the same breath that the character of Christ had never attracted him. He added: "I need someone quite other than this image of virtue, this terrible and incomprehensible Galilean with His crown of thorns, His blood-stained hands and feet. I cannot love Him any more than I can love a man upon the rack."

Well, what about it? Are all these able men right, and is the Christianity of nineteen centuries wrong? The question is very important; there is no question more important for the future of our country and the world.

Let the facts speak for themselves. Arrogant self-assertion could hardly have been carried farther than in the behaviour of the typical Prussian officer before the war, when civilians had to clear off the footpath if they met him, and the guests in any public place had to rise and salute him when he entered.

We know what that spirit did for mankind through four and a half years of suffering and slaughter; it is the same spirit that in all countries is keeping men and women under the shadow of hate and dread.

It is a simple fact, not to be gainsaid, that that same spirit in the past has been the ruin of one mighty empire after another. The very names of the men who built them mean nothing to-day.

Nothing could have seemed sillier when Christ was crucified than to say that this seemingly helpless victim of triumphant malice would count for more in time to come than the autocrat who at that moment was acclaimed as "Lord of the world."

Yet that vast dominion has been swept away and its imperial head forgotten: Christ remains, and if a poll were taken of civilisation to-morrow it would be found that no character in history even remotely approaches Him in the power He wields.

"The meek shall inherit the earth." He said. The saying has been joked about pretty often; Mark Twain sarcastically said, He must have meant the English.

But it is literally true. The strongest characters of whom we have any knowledge are never the braggarts, never the bullies, never those who trample others down in their determination to reach the top.

As has been demonstrated times without number, the truly unconquerable are the men and women who have no axe of their own to grind, who have firm faith in a goodness greater than their own advantage, and whose hearts are filled with unselfish love. Theirs is the kingdom of heart's desire.

GREATEST SCANDAL of the DAY:

BAD NEWS —more staggering disclosures

A MAN came home the other night to the new house he bought only twelve months ago, on one of the many rapidly growing housing estates in the South of England.

He found his wife in tears and the living-room in a state of chaos. Plaster lay everywhere, on the table, on the furniture and trodden into the carpet. A large portion of the new ceiling had fallen down while his wife and the children were having tea.

Fortunately none of them was hurt. The jerry-builder's thin layer of plaster was even too rotten to do them any physical damage. It had crumbled to powder as it fell! But there was the mess to be cleared up, the damaged furniture and hangings to be cleaned and the ceiling to be repaired.

And for all that the new house-owner has to pay.

When, together with his wife, they had "viewed" the new abode a year ago, the builder had rushed them from one "labour-saving" gadget to another. The wife was shown the wonderful built-in kitchen cabinet —the husband, the cosy antique fireplace. These points were lingered over. Then the "suntrap" windows were proudly displayed and the beauties extolled of the roughcast exterior.

And so the deal was done, and he will be paying for that house for sixteen years.

But already he knows that the beauties of his new home are less than brick deep. The kitchen cabinet which won his wife's heart conceals a partition wall made of undressed coke blocks faced with thin plaster. For weeks past they have watched huge cracks growing and widening across the wall.

The rise of the chimney-piece above the antique fireplace is backed with earth and rubble, slung in anyhow. That wall bulges and is a different colour from the rest of the room.

No claim

So in his first year of residence this house-owner is faced with repair bills running into scores of pounds. But unless he remakes the walls and ceilings he will be continually faced with such bills. Patching-up is no good. And he has no claim against the builder, nor the society that "surveyed" the house, before he was accepted as a purchaser. . . .

His case is but one, and even less heartrending than many, among Britain's new legion of "house-owners."

There are, of course, hosts of new owners of splendidly built homes of the New England, who have every reason to be proud of their property.

But there are thousands of others who spend their leisure evenings reflecting that their "suntrap" homes are in bitter truth a trap—a trap in which most of their earnings will disappear in the years to come.

They spend their week-ends in desperate, amateur efforts to cover up and replace the shoddy work of the jerry-builder; or in equally strenuous wrestling with household accounts, in order to find money for the repair bills of the local jobbing builder.

During the last three years over 500,000 new houses have been erected by private builders. Except in a small percentage of cases any kind of official supervision or inspection of the construction has been non-existent. Is it any wonder that the jerry-builder has made holiday?

In a statement to JOHN BULL's housing investigator, Mr. Richard Coppock, General Secretary of the National Federation of Building Trades Operatives, said: "For selling bad meat a butcher can be jailed, but by selling bad houses jerry-builders are making fortunes."

How they are doing it can be amply illustrated by further examples of their methods.

In a Midland suburb there is a block of thirty houses erected about two years ago by a speculative builder. They were all sold almost as soon as they were built.

Death trap

The first complaints began to be heard within three months of the residents moving in. One woman said her rooms were so damp that metal work rusted and clothes kept in the rooms were unwearable without prolonged airing. Keeping fires on did no good.

The climax to the woman's worry was that her husband, who was a bronchial subject, became seriously ill and had to go away. Other residents were having the same trouble and a meeting of neighbours decided to call in a surveyor.

This expert immediately discovered the cause of the damp. The walls of the rooms were simply covered with a thin coat of cheap "compo" slapped on to surfaces which were breeze blocks and "pressed" brick.

This "compo" finish is a common dodge of the jerry-builder. A proper multi-coat of plaster, the method any good builder uses, seals the pores in the wall material. It would have made a passable job even of those rooms, but the coat of compo merely "sweated through" all the damp from the wall material. But it saved a lot of money for the jerry-builder!

There was no certain cure except stripping the walls and plastering them again properly, and that would have to be paid for by the occupants themselves—if they could afford it.

On the same estate the residents have sat watching their inside walls cracking. The explanation is another shabby dodge of the unscrupulous builder.

The partition walls are made of inferior breeze blocks. The blocks are composed of ground gas coke with just sufficient cement mixed in to make the particles bind together. But the coke dust is unwashed. It still has a large sulphur content, and chemical action takes place. The blocks burst and once that process has started it goes on affecting the whole wall and, through settling, other portions of the rooms and ceiling. . . .

Now let us go to another estate south of London—one of many erected during the past three years. Here the houses went up in about three months and began falling down again in about the same time.

One owner's experience there is typical of the lot. His house is full of wonderful electrical gadgets—in fact, his wife was "sold" on these alone. During the first week, however, when his wife happened to plug an electric iron into a lamp socket all the lights in the house went out. Up in the main bedroom one of the switches spat blue flames whenever anybody trod on a loose floor board near it.

Wonders that weren't

An electrician called in said that the house was wired with the cheap wire whose gauge barely complied with the regulations. Switches were cheap foreign stuff and—worst of all —the entire lighting system was carried on one pair of fuses. That electrician is now never off the estate.

But the electrical wonders of their new house is merely a minor exasperation to the various residents. After the rains of the first autumn doors mysteriously refused to close and floor boards began to bulge.

In one house the occupant sitting in his drawing-room could enjoy a seashore effect as the wind, whistling through the warped floor boards travelled along in ripples under the carpet. The same man got up hurriedly one night to close the window —and the whole frame came away from the wall.

The explanation again for these expensive mishaps is another common device of the jerry-builder—cheap, damp wood.

Thousands of tons of this wood are sold every year to jerry-builders. It is called "thirds" by the timber merchants. It is the throw-out stuff from the hundreds of thousands of

HOUSES

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY:

New Version

Mr. Geribild's agent in Mr. Geribild's fine car brings the prospective "owners" to view their new abode. Now the prospect pleases, but after they have tried living in that house dreadful disillusion will come. But then Mr. Geribild, Mr. Geribild's agent and Mr. Geribild's fine car will be far, far away

tons which is imported every year into London Docks, Liverpool and Hull.

"Sappy wood"—wood cut in the Spring—wood infected with soft rot is separated and rejected by importers. It is then sold cheaply for rough jobs, such as trench linings for sewers. But the biggest buyers are the jerry-builders. They are supplied through factors, and such is the demand that dozens of timber factors dealing in these "thirds" have come into being since the building rush began.

Again, there is the parallel of the penalty which awaits the sellers of bad food. But there is no law against the selling of bad, diseased and rotten timber. And that timber goes into thousands of the rotten new houses.

It went into the houses on this estate. Into the flooring joists and the roofing. As it has swelled and contracted, exuding sap and damp, the cracks have spread. The single nails in the floor boards have worked out and mildew has spread to the carpets and furniture.

Doors have swollen and the rot disease in the timber has infected other wood in the house. The roof joists have gone out of alignment, the cheap tiles have become displaced and wind and rain have invaded the house to complete the vicious work of decay. Constant repair work is necessary, and for all that the residents have to pay.

There is another estate in the South where the houses have been eagerly snapped up by buyers. In one of them the occupier, a tall man, stood on a chair to adjust a picture. As he finished his task he straightened momentarily and his head pressed against the ceiling. To his astonishment he felt that structure "give." He put his hand up and pressed. The ceiling lifted. And as it lifted so the ceiling moved, too—in the adjoining room.

He paid a couple of guineas to a young architect to have his house "vetted." These are some items from the report:

Ceilings were of plaster laid on to thin joists which were infected with rot when they were put in. Many had cracked and broken away from their "placings" in the outside walls. No attempt had been made to secure the ceiling joists laid across the inside walls. These were made of coke breeze which was already bursting. The outside walls were made of pressed and "concrete" bricks concealed by the facing of roughcast. When the roughcast was removed it was possible to drive a penknife through some of the "concrete" bricks.

Windows and doors were cheap foreign stuff, imported ready made, and composed of sappy diseased wood. Windows had not been properly "fitted" into the surrounding brickwork. Frames were secured by driving a six-inch nail into the walls and covering up the whole job with plaster. Most of the wall work contained a negligible amount of mortar. Plaster was chiefly "compo" with no hair admixture or the usual ingredients of a decent job.

"Worked up"

The architect, out of sheer sympathy for the occupier, was reluctant to give an estimate of what he considered this house to be worth, a year after occupation. When pressed, however, he hinted that about half the price that was given was the maximum.

According to authoritative estimates, the jerry-builder makes a substantial *net* profit on houses in the £400 to £700 class—which form the bulk of the new homes erected during the last few years. And that profit is over and above the salary he allows himself, and the other personal "incidentals."

To work from a proper plan made by an architect is the exception rather than the rule. Plans, where they exist, are cleverly "worked up" jobs, made by the "trade." They are artfully devised to scrape past the minimum of requirements made in the by-laws of the locality where the houses are to go up.

After the "plans" are passed by the local authority the maximum of interference which the jerry-builder need anticipate is a single visit from the surveyor when the foundations are laid. Thereafter he can go gaily ahead.

Even cheap imported bricks will cut into his profits, so he instals a brick-making machine on the site, staffs it with cheap "boy labour" which, without supervision, turns out pressed bricks by the hundred, made of sand and the scantiest mixture of cement. Proper burnt bricks are almost unknown.

Inner walls made of coke breeze are bought ready prepared, made by the mile, and the jerry-builder does not care how they are made as long as they are cheap. He buys at the lowest possible price.

Windows, doors and other woodwork are also bought ready made from the cheapest foreign markets.

Then the labour. The jerry-builder, more likely than not, "lets out" the carpentry, brickwork, etc., to contractors whose men live well outside the district where the houses are going up. He puts the work out at the lowest possible price so that the contractor, to get his profit, drives the men unceasingly. There is no lingering over any portion to make a good job of even the rotten materials. "If it doesn't fit, nail it," is the motto.

No one worries . .

The men are rushed from foundation to roof-top. No saving is too small to be overlooked.

In many places, particularly on the South Coast, trade union hours are ignored.

"What does it matter?" says the jerry-builder. There is no clerk of works to supervise construction and materials. The fact that no local authority would sanction the specifications of thousands of these houses, if they were building them for themselves, does not prevent the same authorities from allowing the jerry-builder to plant them by the hundred in their districts.

Apparently such local authorities are more concerned about getting added revenue from rates than they are about what hardship befalls the new house owners.

There are more than a thousand separate local authorities throughout the country. Not one of them has power to exercise any system of complete control of private enterprise housing in their areas. Even their by-laws on such vital matters as sanitation and constructional requirements differ profoundly.

Prospective house - purchasers should always obtain an independent survey before committing themselves.

A few days ago Sir Hilton Young, the Minister of Health, received a deputation from the Council of the Trades Union Congress. They told him that they were appalled at what was going on, at the multitudes of bad new houses which are being plastered across the land. Their information has come from the men who know, from the men who are daily engaged in working for the jerry-builders.

Sir Hilton Young told the deputation that he "did not think legislation was necessary to protect house purchasers from shoddy work in construction."

And that utterance was made almost before the ink was dry on the Government's new slum clearance plans.

Well, we hope to give Sir Hilton Young such facts about the slums which are being built *now*, as will make him think again.

Meantime, to all our readers we say: If *you* are one of the legion of unfortunates whose lives and earnings are mortgaged in these rotten new houses, then—

write to "John Bull" About It!

You bet she uses OXYDOL

YOU GET THE whitest whites and the brightest colours with Oxydol or . . . YOUR MONEY BACK

GO TO YOUR SHOP. Ask for a packet of Oxydol. We want you to try it, to prove for yourself that it is the most wonderful soap you ever used. Or we give you your money back. The thrilling, snow-pure whiteness it gives to whites and the brilliant way it brings out colours is marvellous.

23% MORE SUDS IS THE SECRET

Oxydol releases suds in sumptuous billows — actually 23% more suds — good thick, creamy rich suds that soak out dirt and grease in a wink. Try Oxydol in your next wash. See how fine it is for woollens and delicate fabrics as well as cottons and heavy things. Oxydol contains no harmful chemicals, and is kind to soft white hands. Keep a packet handy by the sink — it's wonderful for washing-up.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you, the user of Oxydol, are not fully satisfied that the packet of OXYDOL gives you more suds, whiter clothes, brighter colours—and that it is easier on your hands in washing up — just post the empty packet to us. Your postage and the price of the packet of Oxydol will be refunded without question. Our address is: Phenix Buildings, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd.

JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES — 115

The sixth letter I opened left me with no doubt about its significance

I FOIL a Blackmailer

I MAY get into hot water in raking this episode out of my past life. "Interfering with His Majesty's mails"—the penalty for the offence is no light one. And though there are times when every crime can find a justification, it is not often that the law will recognise the human element in a defendant's motives. Particularly when a postman deliberately breaks the charge with which he is entrusted.

So I have admittedly taken precautions for my own safety—to be reasonably sure that neither my superiors nor my wife—vastly my superior, too!—shall recognise myself in this. From my wife, particularly, I would keep my secret, and watch her happiness in her innocence of it. But although setting and names have been changed, everything has been set down as it happened. In any case, it happened long ago.

I was, nevertheless, despite these safeguards, a postman in a country town, sometimes interested in the people to whom I took letters and postcards, somewhat of a public figure in the district, even if rarely recognised by the local Justice of the Peace.

You may imagine me as an ordinary sort of postman, with lines coming to him about the eyes and mouth. I remember feeling worried about those lines at the time, feeling that in the middle thirties one was getting old, very much in a humdrum rut, captured for ever in an existence of perpetual street-tramping, perpetual meetings at every house—and yet loneliness.

I know now that I was young enough for adventure—but this is, perhaps, a fact none of us appreciate until the excitement comes.

An ordinary sort of person, getting to know the persons along his route, the policeman, the greengrocer, the householders. There was the doctor, with long envelopes often coming from London; the author, with a mail of large envelopes and closely-rolled magazines; Mrs. Sanderson, with letters every day from her grown-up sons and daughters. You found, oddly enough, that unpopular people—like Symes, the racing man—would get dozens of letters in the course of a week—while friendly souls, like Mary Anderson, rarely received any correspondence.

Perhaps, I thought at the time, Mary Anderson, busy with her many local acquaintances, had no time for writing and so never had cause for being sent an answer. I rather wished, on occasion, that more letters would come. It seemed the one thing wrong with her life—the lack, ninety-nine days out of a hundred, of anything for her in the post. And I wished her to have nothing wrong with her life.

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It will be evident that I had a soft spot for Mary Anderson. I admired her pluck in fighting life, her skill in keeping up appearances. She had come to the town some seven years before; she had lived in furnished rooms, but somebody—her mother, I thought—had left a small legacy.

It was not very much, but out of this small windfall Mary had built a world. She had taken a house, for which she was slowly paying by having rented the top floor to two old ladies, for whom she slaved almost incessantly. Little jobs of dressmaking, little efforts with home-made jams and lampshades, gave her money—in return for hard work.

But Mary Anderson managed to squeeze into this toil most of the elements of a good time. She wasn't going to become old pathetically—she was going to play hard and work hard. With this motto she had become quite a power of local society.

Everybody knew Mary Anderson—her kindness, her ever-ready willingness to help the underdog. There were young men, too, who made proposals, but she never gave them any preference.

Often, passing by, I would see her sitting in her window at her sewing-machine. She had always a smile for the postman, and on wet days, if I went to her door with letters for the old ladies, perhaps a word of sympathy.

Always a smile—until letters vastly different from the very occasional cards from townspeople on holiday and from the matter-of-fact commercial epistles began to come. I came to know them quite soon—by the cheap envelopes addressed in a rough, scrawling hand and by her own obvious worrying in receiving them.

That was how the matter stood. She had received little correspondence, and she had been happy, steadily progressive, steadily making more and more friends in the immediate neighbourhood.

Either she had purposely separated herself from her family, I reasoned, or else her relatives all were dead. And then these crude semi-literate letters were in the post—and she was unhappy, worried, even afraid.

The first one I could hardly remember. There had been a long interval between it and the next. More fol-

(Continued on page 24)

SUCH A *USEFUL* BANK

How do you look upon a Bank? Just as a sort of extra safe money-box—a place to put money so that you won't be tempted to spend it, and where it will be out of harm's way?

"They give you 'service'"

Banks are much more useful than that nowadays, especially Everybody's Bank—the Post Office Savings Bank. Like the people who sell you things, they give you "service" at Everybody's Bank. They are full of ideas for *helping* you to save money—yes—and for helping you to spend it, too.

Take the matter of helping you to save. It is scarcely possible to make saving easier than Everybody's Bank makes it. For one thing, you have 16,000 branches at which you can make deposits, at almost any hour of the day—as you leave work or on Saturday afternoons. Why, it is almost as easy as buying a stamp.

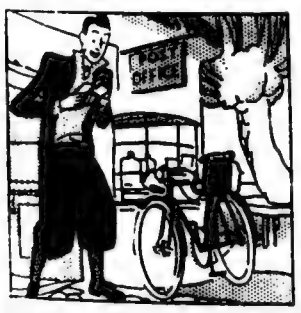
If you find it difficult even to get round to a Post Office, or if you like to put odd amounts away every day, you can have a Home Safe. You can put money in whenever you like then—and take the Safe along later to the Post Office, where it will be opened and the money deposited.

Or, if you would rather not have a Safe, but wish to save odd sixpences, you can get a Stamp Savings Book. You stick sixpenny Savings Stamps in this book as you find it convenient, until you have ten. Then they are torn out at the Post Office and serve as a deposit of 5/-. You can imagine how children love saving up by this means.

You can put money in—but...

As for helping you to *spend* money, you will agree that it is certainly useful to be able to draw money out at any one of those 16,000 branches—just by presenting your Bank Book. You can draw out up to £3 in this way, and any larger sum very quickly on notice. If you wish to send money away, you can have a crossed warrant, made payable to the person or firm to whom you are sending the money. Lots of people put away the money they have to spend later, as well as the money they wish to save. It earns interest every month it is waiting, and at 2½ per cent., or 6d. a year for each pound.

When the glad time comes for the spending of your holiday money, Everybody's Bank is especially useful. Then you can get Traveller's Warrants—up to six of them each for £3. You can cash these Warrants wherever you go, at any Savings Bank Post Office in the United Kingdom—*but nobody else can cash them.* No fear of losing your holiday money when it's in the form of Traveller's Warrants.



"Cash them wherever you go"

If you go cruising on a British ship you can use a similar service. The Bank will arrange for money to be placed to your credit with the steamship concerned, and you can then draw money from the purser of the ship as you need it.

But if you want to know of *all* the facilities offered by Everybody's Bank, ask at a Post Office for the Information Booklet. It will surprise you.

EVERYBODY'S BANK

THE POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK

For you— FREE

The New Bournville Cocoa Gift Book

My rope won't twist in use. Clever!
I fry fish like a chef. Perfect!
I'm fitted with a bakelite drinking cup. Superior!
Note my short puffy sleeves fashionable!
Yes, Cadbury's Milk Tray Chocolates. Delicious!
Cadbury's Milk Tray Chocolates
MANY NEW GIFTS
FREE
FOR COUPONS FROM
BOURNVILLE COCOA
We're fleecy lined. Warm!

Gifts ranging from Aluminium Saucepans to Zig-Zag puzzles—gifts for the children—pretty gifts—practical gifts—gifts for everybody—gifts for the home. Post the coupon below for the new Bournville Cocoa Gift Book, 40 pages (8 in colour), describing and illustrating the 200 varieties of Gifts from Bournville Cocoa coupons.

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TO "*NEW GIFTS*," *CADBURY, BOURNVILLE*

Please send me the new 40-page Bournville Book of Gifts with free coupon

Name .....

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67
2/2/35

Post in unsealed envelope (postage ½d.) This offer applies to Great Britain & Northern Ireland only

Melvie's a regular young giantess since we changed to Rowntree's!
Read this mother's problem below
I'M WORRIED ABOUT HER, DADDY— SHE SEEMS TO HAVE NO STRENGTH AT ALL
I CAN'T MAKE HER OUT
MY OWN LITTLE GIRL WAS THE SAME MA'AM TILL I GAVE HER ROWNTREE'S COCOA -IT HELPS DIGESTION AND MAKES YOU GET MORE GOOD FROM FOOD
AND TODAY
MELVIE'S A DIFFERENT CHILD NOW MOTHER- SHE'S TWICE AS STRONG SINCE WE CHANGED TO ROWNTREE'S
Melvie's a regular young giantess
writes Mrs. B. Hodkin, Clarence Street, Sheffield.
"Last winter we were worried over Melvie. She went right off her food. One day the grocer said his daughter was the same, and he gave her your cocoa to help her digestion because it made her get more good from food. So we tried changing to Rowntree's Cocoa, and Melvie's appetite came right back and she seemed much happier and brighter; in fact Melvie's a regular young giantess since we changed to Rowntree's."
FREE Gift Coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. XD1, Rowntree & Co. Ltd. York, for Free Gift Booklet, which includes many children's gifts.
5½d. per ¼-lb. tin
½-lb. tin, 10d.
ROWNTREE'S COCOA
ACTUALLY HELPS DIGESTION

I Foil a Blackmailer—Continued from page 22

The Postman Didn't Knock

lowed, at first infrequently, then more often—once a month, and presently once a week. I would see her sometimes as I approached the house—her face set and tense.

She would come to the door to meet me, her eyes hard, her cheeks increasingly drawn. Her expression was such that I wanted to reassure her, to call across the intervening distance: "None of those letters to-day"

Other people noticed the change in her as much as I. "What's up with that there Miss Anderson?" the milkman asked one day. "Used always to be merry and bright, she did. Someone died in her family, or something?

"Have you taken any black-edged envelopes to her lately? Besides, she used to be so smart and natty, too. She's getting a little dowdy now. Cut down her milk order as well. If you ask me, those old ladies of hers aren't paying their bills!"

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In so small a town you couldn't help hearing about other people. I heard that Mary was gradually dropping her summer lawn tennis, her winter whist and dancing. I knew those letters were to blame. I would feel like the plague on those mornings when one proved to be in my bag.

It seems trite to talk of "stabs at the heart," but that is almost what Mary's look of anxiety and her hardly muttered thanks would be on fateful mornings when I had to deliver the beastly letters.

There were times, indeed, bright days of sunshine, when I would deliberately keep back the mail, finding it impossible to shadow her day. I felt like a torturer, a hangman.

And perhaps I was already in love with her. There's no other explanation for the fact that I was almost as worried over those letters as she was. What was their meaning—the mystery behind them? Some shady episode in her past life—blackmail? It seemed impossible, but one had heard that criminals could appear the most honest of folk, and nobody had a more open face than Mary.

Or was there a shady husband lurking in the background? Was he bleeding her week by week, living on the money of her needle and thread, her incessant toil?

Undoubtedly, it seemed to me, she was paying out money week by week to someone. Hush money? Or what?

I had no sneaking or criminal intentions when I determined to find out the secret of those letters with the East London postmark. It was simple, one day, to slip the thin buff envelope back into my bag, and, with my father and mother out at the pictures—though over sixty, they were both gadabouts—to steam open the flap over the kettle at home.

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I meant to save the best woman on my round the weekly torment and hurt that I was causing her. Possibly, in the case of blackmail, I might draw the attention of the police. . . .

But the letter as it stood gave me but one hint. A man was concerned! "Dear Mary," it read, "I'm sorry to say that I've found no work as yet, and the doctor says I have to have a new medicine. If you can see your way to send me a little money, you will oblige me." The signature was "D."

I was on the horns of a dilemma. Should I deliver the note or not? It did not seem so harmful as I imagined. If someone's health was concerned, there might be cause for worry on the receiver's part.

Fate, as it happened, decided the issue for me. I heard the returning footsteps of my parents and was seized with sudden panic. With a gesture I flung both note and envelope into the kitchen fire, where it blazed and was gone.

The next day—that same anxious face, that same look of relief as I passed on. And more anxious the day after that, and more relieved when I handed in only something for the two old ladies upstairs.

Four days later, I found another letter from London. Once more I secreted it—to solve the secret. The writer complained merely that no money had arrived, but that the need for medicine was urgent, with the same signature "D" and an address in East London.

I felt a little guilty. "Medicine" might be an excuse for anything. On the other hand, I might have weaved some sensational story of my own, and perhaps the writer was not a blackmailer, not some brow-beating husband, but a sister or friend, a genuine invalid.

The sixth letter I opened gave me, however, no doubt about it. "I can't understand why you have not replied. You know your old Dad needs money. I'm coughing bad already, and I don't want to have to come down and live with you as a convalescent." Still honest and apparently above-board, but behind the surface friendliness was a note of menace.

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Thereafter, I made no pretence of steaming open the letters with the idea of sealing them again. I tore them open without regard, read the contents, and then made good use of the kitchen fire.

It was utterly outside my duty. It was more than my job was worth. But I had the reward of seeing the light come back into the eyes that had for so long seemed bitter against the world and desperate.

Gradually the anxiety which confronted my every appearance faded and died. The weeks changed to months. The letters came, were read, destroyed.

They were vile things. Presently they poured out hate, vindictiveness. I knew the prescription of the "medicine": it was whisky or gin, or worse. And the blackmail was there, within the law, but as poisonous, as subtle, as anything within range of the police.

I had a picture revealed to me of a wife terrorised by a drunken husband, of her death and the daughter's flight into an obscurity where she had begun to gain back independence, self-respect, the joy of living, the joy—at last—of a home.

By one means or another, Mary Anderson's father had discovered the address of his fugitive child. Doubtless the first letter had been a mere snivelling appeal for help—quite soon enough had this shadow from the past become an ever-growing vengeance of the sins of the father upon the child.

At last I opened a letter that could not be disregarded after being consigned to the flames. "You little ——" it read, "if you think you can hide away your father from your high-falutin' friends, you've made a —— mistake. Unless you come up here to me in London with twenty-five pounds, I'll come down to you, sure as I'm born. I'll give you till the twenty-first. Though, if you don't come, don't you fret. It will be nice to see where you live."

◇◇◇◇◇

The issue was sharp, decisive. How often I had feared illness in the past, or a transfer, lest another man should do my round and one of those beastly letters be delivered, crushing in a second the world that Mary was slowly rebuilding! Now, of set aim, I obtained leave. I went up to London.

I met my man on the stairs of the tenement block, and knew him at once from the vague similarity to Mary that managed to show through the viciousness of that jowl, the bleary weakness of the eyes. "You write that letter?" I asked.

He was pugnacious. He was fit to bully only women, and never other men, but he blustered. "What right had I to interfere?" he wondered, amid a dozen swear-words.

And I had the finest flash of inspiration in my life. "Because, for the past year, I've been intercepting these letters to my wife," I retorted, "and if you think you're going to interfere with either her happiness or mine——"

He was as weak as water. He whined, cringed, pleaded. I frightened him by some unvoiced threat. I fancy he would have gone down on his knees. . . .

Mary Anderson, these days, receives no letters at all. My inspiration remained with me. The little correspondence Mary does receive is addressed to —well, the surname is mine!

The Greatest of These—

Seven Kiddies Calling

A VERY hard worker is ten-year-old Louisa's mother.

She needs to work hard, for she has seven children the eldest of whom is a boy aged thirteen, and the youngest, who is close on two years, is suffering from "wasting" disease.

There was another baby, but she died shortly before Christmas. Her first child died as the result of an air raid. Her husband, who has been out of work for a year and nine months, is now waiting for a bed in hospital. He has been ill since early in December, due, in all probability, to a fall in 1928, when he injured the base of his spine.

Louisa

38s. a week is what Louisa's mother has to keep her sick husband, herself and the seven young children on, and pay 15s. a week for the rooms they occupy.

"I do not know what the children would do," she told us, "if it were not that by doctor's orders they have free milk given them at school."

The headmistress of the school, who has known Louisa's mother for over three years, says: "I have five of her children in school. I know she has had a tremendous struggle to keep her home together, and she and her children are always very well behaved. I believe her to be quite deserving of help, and hope that assistance may be given her."

Though Louisa's mother has pawned her wedding ring, and most of their clothes have gone to bear the wedding ring company in an endeavour to keep the home going, their rent is over £8 in arrears.

If sunshine is to follow the rain that has been falling in a depressing drizzle over Louisa's home, it will be because our readers take pity on them and send donations earmarked "Louisa," which, as also in the case of subscriptions sent for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

* * *

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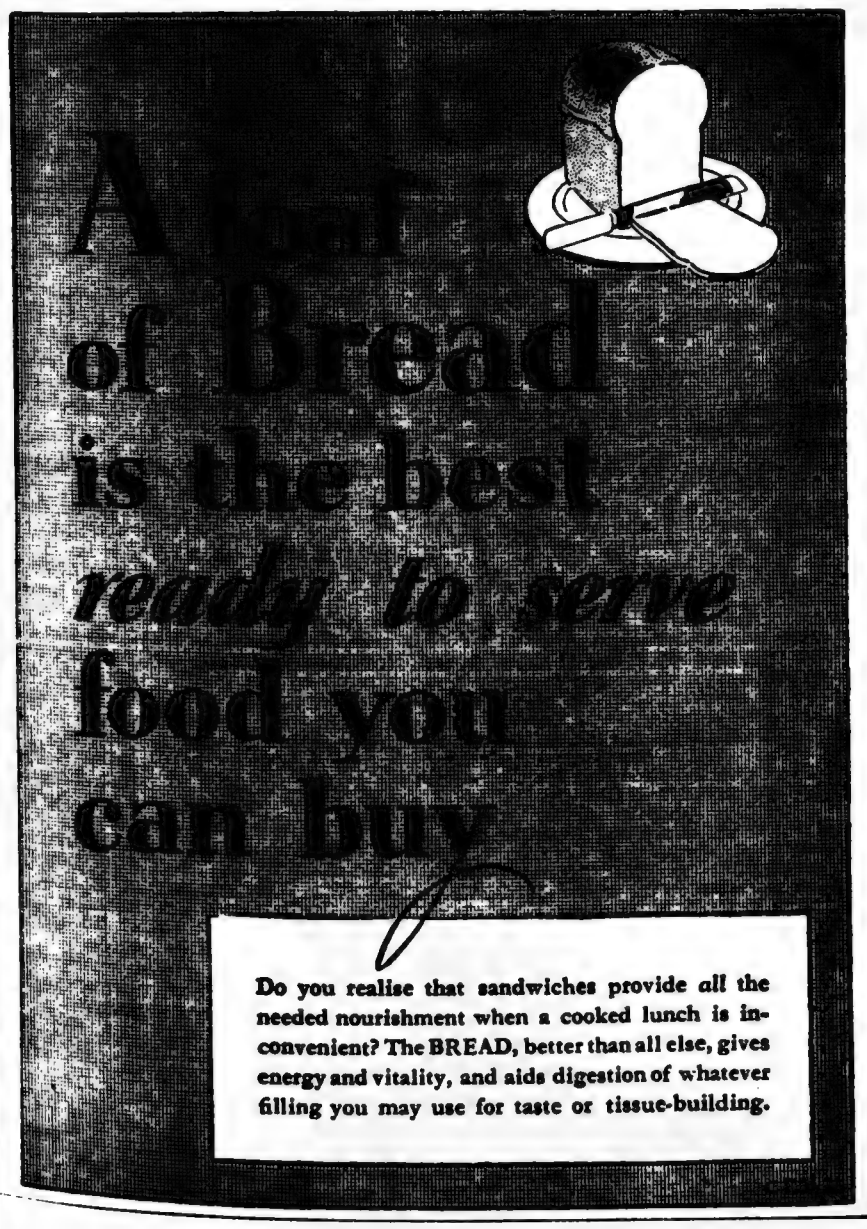
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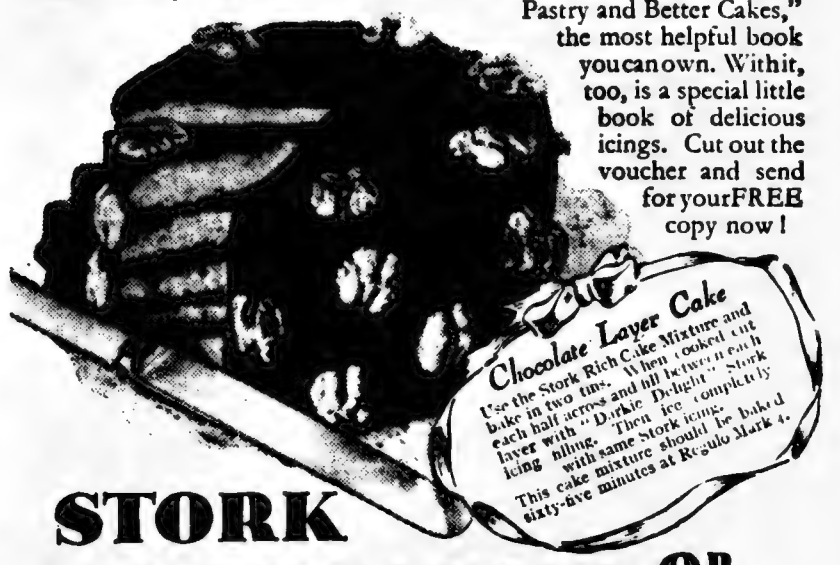
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HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

"She keeps reminding me that we are living in her house"

LIVING with Mother-in-Law

IT was Shakespeare who said "Youth and age cannot live together." A good many people have found that to be true, especially during the last few years. The serious housing shortage has thrown the young and elderly much closer together. Many newly married couples, instead of having a home of their own, have had to go to live with the parents of either husband or wife. And in some cases it simply has not worked.

Here is a typical example. The letter comes from a girl who says:—

"I have been married three years to one of the best men in the world, and we have a little girl of two whom we both idolise. My husband is very steady, neither drinks nor smokes, and he is in regular work, earning 55s. a week. Before our marriage we had to settle a very difficult problem. He was an only son, and his father died when he was a boy.

"Five years ago his mother bought a small modern house by borrowing from a building society. She has a little of her own coming in every week, but not sufficient to keep herself and pay the instalments on the house. Our problem was whether we should marry and share the house with my mother-in-law or whether we should wait for a time. Apart from the money position, there were no houses available except those for sale.

"As my young man was twenty-eight and I was twenty-five, we decided to marry, but now I realise it was a big mistake. I can't say that my mother-in-law is actually unkind, but she simply pinpricks the whole day through. She finds fault with the way I bring up my little girl, fusses over my husband so that we can scarcely have a minute to ourselves, and keeps on reminding me that we are living in her house.

"All this kind of thing is nearly driving me mad, and I feel like running away from it all. As I was a shorthand-typist before my marriage, I should be able to find a job somewhere. My mother-in-law would then be satisfied, as she would have 'her boy,' as she calls him, to herself."

Now this letter shows the plight of a young wife, and all through circumstances over which she has no control. Things have reached such a pass that she even talks of "running away."

That will never do. Not only would it be inflicting pain and punishment upon the innocent, but she herself would suffer terribly when she realised what a mistake she had made.

My correspondent does not tell me that she has discussed the matter with her husband. When he knows that she is so unhappy he will surely act.

IT seems to me that there is not likely to be much peace so long as they all remain in the same house. It would be far better for this young couple and their little child to go to live elsewhere. Even though they cannot afford to buy a new home, I imagine it is possible for them to take a flat or rooms somewhere near by. That would give this girl her rightful position as a wife.

"But what about his mother?" she may say. "She would not be able to manage if we left her." In that case, this woman should either sell or let her house and live on the proceeds supplemented by the little money I am told she has coming in every week.

Another alternative would be for her to take in lodgers or sublet some of her rooms. She would not be able to pinprick strangers as she has done her daughter-in-law. What is more, I feel that all of them would get on better together if they were living apart.

In saying this, I am not suggesting that this son should neglect his mother. He can call to see her regularly and help her in any way he can. But his first duty is to his wife and child.

MY next problem is from a man who has a troublesome mother-in-law. He says:

"I have been happily married for four years, and we have one lovely kiddie, a daughter. As the owner of a prosperous garage, I am making quite a good income and can give my wife and child every comfort they want. In addition, I am able to save £3 regularly every week.

"Now my problem is, should I make my mother-in-law an allowance or not?

"My natural inclinations are strongly against doing so, as she and I have never made any effort to disguise our dislike of each other. I resent the idea of helping her financially, because (a) I have had a tremendous struggle to lift myself to my present position, and this is the first chance I have ever had in my life of saving any money, and (b) because I consider she has hopelessly mismanaged her own life, and I do not see why I should bear the consequences.

"At her own wish, she is living apart from her husband, and has therefore forfeited all right to share in his earnings. She lives with her two unmarried daughters, and sometimes she is able to supplement their income by securing temporary jobs. But these she always loses through gross incompetence or laziness.

"Naturally, during these workless periods she gets hard up. Then she comes round to my home and 'borrows' a few shillings from my wife. These few shillings invariably go on drink. If she were starving or ill, I would readily help her, but surely I am not expected to encourage her in laziness and drinking? My wife is wonderfully good about it and never complains or nags about my attitude in the least. I only want to do what is right, and should be glad of your opinion."

I certainly do not feel that this young man is called upon to make his mother-in-law a regular allowance. As he says, if she were ill or in need it would be different. But neither is the case.

For reasons which I am not told, she has chosen to live apart from her husband and has therefore voluntarily sacrificed any help from him. But she is evidently fit to work herself, and she has two unmarried daughters who are both earning.

My correspondent has his wife and child to consider. Although he is doing well at present, there is no guarantee that it will continue for ever. And he is wise to save whilst he can. For these reasons, as well as for the fact that this woman squanders her money on drink, I say that she should not be made a regular allowance.

But there are other ways in which she can be helped without seriously hurting my correspondent. I am thinking of "gifts in kind." His wife may have articles of clothing or food which she can pass on. And I hope this young man will agree to her doing so. After all, this woman is his wife's mother, and when anything happens to her it would be a pity if there were any regrets.

And now let us look at a problem through the eyes of a mother-in-law. This woman is worried because she feels that her son-in-law is not giving her daughter a fair deal. Here is her letters:

"A few months ago my daughter married a man who is in partnership with his brother, and she went to keep house for the two brothers in their old home. Apparently, the family keenly resent an outsider going into their old home, and this brother who lives with them does not hesitate to rub it in. In consequence, her life is made thoroughly miserable.

"Now this is the problem. She has a sweet nature, and is a good housekeeper, so things might settle in time, but she has two possibilities to face. May not all the unhappiness alienate her husband in time, and wreck their married life? And secondly, she is expecting a baby, so what is to be the effect on the little life, especially as the brother-in-law does not want the child and taunts her about it? What is to be done in fairness to the business, the brother, and to my daughter and her husband?"

This girl is certainly not having "a fair deal." She married her husband, not his brother as well. It might not have been so bad if the latter had been kindly disposed and reasonable, but in view of his attitude the position is intolerable.

IF my correspondent's daughter is to have any happiness in the future, there is one thing to be done. She must insist that the present arrangement shall be ended. Either her brother-in-law finds accommodation elsewhere, or her husband must provide her with another home.

It may be, of course, that my correspondent's son-in-law is under the thumb of his family. He may not be allowed to have a will of his own. If that is so, he must be made to assert his rights. In the present state of his wife's health it is essential that she should have peace of mind. I am sure her doctor would insist upon that.

Where this son-in-law fears to tread, the medical man would have no hesitation in doing so. I would therefore seek his aid. The experiment of sharing a home in this case has proved a failure. For everybody's sake a different arrangement must be made.

If only every mother-in-law would remember that she was once a daughter-in-law, and every daughter-in-law remember that she may one day be a mother-in-law, there would be far fewer of these problems to solve.

* * *

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

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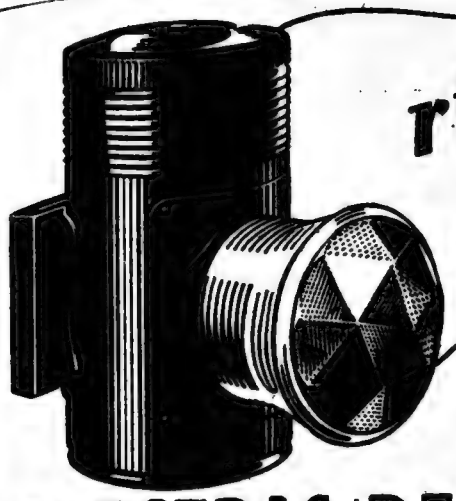

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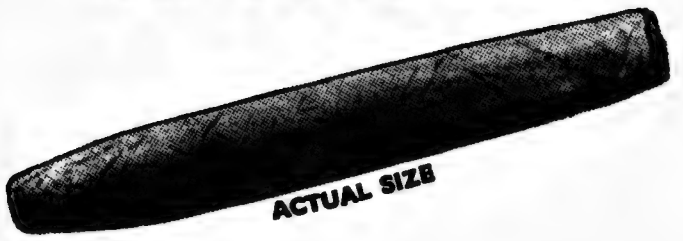

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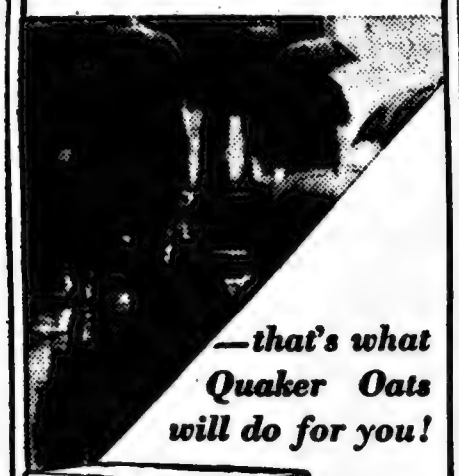

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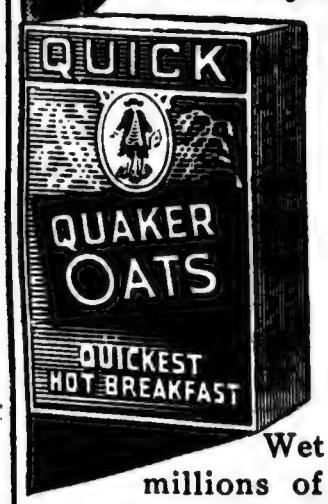

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ONE evening recently Sir Hilton Young, Minister of Health, sat down to a very nice dinner with the British Medical Association. There were speeches. In one of them the Minister painted a sad contrast between Britain's position in physical culture organisation and that of our neighbours on the Continent.

He wagged an oratorical finger at the learned company. "You doctors," he said, "ought to be able to tell us how to advance in this direction, how not to lag behind our friendly rivals. How was it to be done? Through local authorities, voluntary associations or—*could the Government help?*"

First fruits of that speech was the announcement last week of the formation of a special committee by the B.M.A. "to consider means of promoting the physical development of the nation."

We have nothing but praise for the objects of this committee and we wish it all success in its deliberations—even though we do think that it is a little late in the day. Our chief objection to it is, however, the way in which the Government has thus "passed the buck" to the doctors.

With a national sickness bill which now totals £400 millions annually and is still climbing, it was the Ministry of Health's job long ago to have encouraged and subsidised such aids to the national health as physical culture.

Instead, it has put Red Tape before Red Blood. It has never spent a penny piece and has ignored the whole question. It has done worse. It has stood by and allowed other Departments of the Government to impose living conditions on the 2,000,000 workless and their growing families which have resulted in countrywide malnutrition, stunted physique and that enormous sickness bill.

The health of the workless, it has said in effect, is the affair of the Ministry of Labour; the physical culture and health of children is the business of the Board of Education.

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After five years of such a record, to turn round and blandly ask an assemblage of doctors "if the Government could help?" seems rather an inept kind of joke.

Quite recently the War Office glumly announced that almost half the men who tried to join the Army last year had to be rejected as unfit and below the minimum physical standards. That statement and the Minister's speech about physical culture occurred almost together. Anybody could be forgiven for surmising that the Government's sudden interest in the matter is dictated as much by the success of recruiting campaigns as by the realities of the nation's health.

And why have to ask the doctors, anyway? And why wait until a special committee has dragged through all its cumbrous length of marshalling witnesses and evidence and then producing a report which may or may not be acted upon? What is that but a further time-wasting device, a dodge for putting off the day when money will have to be spent?

All the witnesses and all the evidence lie all ready to the Government's own hands in the experience of other countries where State assistance and organisation of physical culture is now a commonplace. The Ministers can get all the information they want there (if, indeed, they have not already got it) without asking a committee of doctors to produce it for them.

We learned recently that Germany has nearly 7,000,000 trained gymnasts. This country has less than 7,000. Italy has nearly as many as Germany, and France and Soviet Russia are approaching the same figure.

But more important than any comparison between the numbers of *experts* is the enormous gap which exists in this country between that meagre 7,000 and the fitness standards of the rest of the population.

Germany and Italy each spend about £2,000,000 annually on intelligently directed, State-aided physical training for everybody. State aid in this country has ended with the provision of a few ex-Army sergeant-majors to introduce "physical jerks" to the unemployed.

The scheme was started some time ago in one of the most distressed areas of South Wales. But "physical jerks" are no palliative for empty stomachs, and so the experiment was a failure. An attempt to make such "drill" compulsory was, fortunately, scotched by the Labour Party.

☆ ★ ☆

With regard to children, the contribution of the State is even more negligible. Until 1933 there did not exist a single institution for giving male school teachers proper instruction in physical training which they in turn, could pass on to their pupils.

Now there is one, and one only, in the entire country—and that has been provided by a private charity—by the Carnegie Trust.

In British elementary schools there is an item which is called "drill." But you can search in vain through the syllabuses of the Board of Education for any mention of the provision of apparatus for this "drill." Beyond a sketchy knowledge of marching and countermarching and of "knees bend" there is hardly a boy after nine years of school who knows anything of gymnastics or who has any interest at all in keeping his body trained and fit.

The result of this Governmental apathy is indicated in a report published by boys' clubs in London and Liverpool a few weeks ago. A fair sample of five hundred boys was taken and they were medically examined. All of them had left school only a year or two before. *Only 20 per cent. of them were physically fit.*

Do Ministers, we wonder, ever read their own officers' reports? If so, there was a statement made last year by Sir George Newman, the country's Chief Medical Officer, which should have spurred them to some immediate action.

☆ ★ ☆

"Some nations," said Sir George, "such as Germany, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia and Soviet Russia, have found it necessary to direct special attention to the physical care and culture of the young people. *In England, however, relying on schools of all grades for supervising conditions of health and physique—which, by the way, is imperfectly accomplished—the State has regarded the physical calculation of youth as lying outside its province.*"

Could official language administer a more stinging rebuke?

Sir George goes on: "Various voluntary movements such as Boy Scouts, Girl Guides and Playing Fields Associations have gallantly come to the rescue, but—*the time may have come for some subsidising and constructive action by the State itself.*"

Not "may have come," Sir George—although JOHN BULL knows with what discretion you must turn your phrases! The time *has* come. In fact, it arrived long ago. But pushing the onus on to doctors' committees, however knowledgeable and well-meaning, will not make it an actual living fact.

We denounce the Ministers of Health, of Labour, and of Education for such feeble "delay tactics" on an issue which vitally concerns them, each and all.

There is not tittle nor scrap of excuse for referring this question of a national organisation for physical training to any non-Governmental body. Unless it is that they are afraid of the doctors.

The real reason, we suggest, is that action means some unpleasant facing up to facts on the part of the Ministers concerned. It means a lot of eating of words and the recantation of much brutal and stupid legislation. It means the end of malnutrition among the unemployed and their families and some real interest in the welfare of the children and youth of the nation.

But it is that action we want, and *not* more committees.

Germany spends £2,000,000 a year on physical training for her people. Here is an instructor in gymnastics in Berlin

RED TAPE or RED BLOOD?

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"Particularly amusing is their cameo of two BOXES in a slow-motion fight."

WEEKLY ARGUS:—"The DECEPTION was held at Cardiff."

SWINDON FOOTBALL PINK:—"There is not another recognised BULLBACK on the club's books."

NORTHERN WEEKLY GAZETTE:—"The other day I put down on the kitchen floor two SAUCES of tea, and the dogs lined up."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"Many players were covered from head to FOOD in mud."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"Eventually they were heard by men on the steamer ——, which launched a GOAT."

BUCKS EXAMINER:—"Patrol-leader —— was awarded the prize for being the PEST trier."

THE LEICESTER MERCURY:—"—— was employed by the Corporation as a TRAMWAY."

DAILY RECORD AND MAIL:—". . . and from the rebound hooked the WALL over the bar."

NORTH-WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—"A surgeon stated that —— was not in a fit state to drive a WAR."

IPSWICH EVENING STAR:—"There was dense DOG in the Thames."

DUBLIN EVENING HERALD:—"The Colonel said in a loud WHISKER . . ."

WILL YOUR CHILD CATCH COLD THIS WINTER?

Not if you protect this

Weak Spot

HAVE you a growing child? Doctors have discovered that growing children between the ages of 6 months and 13 years have less resistance to cough and cold germs than *even a new-born baby.*

The reason why growing children have less resistance to colds than new-born babies is because baby is born with mother's blood inside him—strong, "grown-up" blood, able to fight germs. But after 6 months, all mother's blood has disappeared.

Your growing child—left with only his own blood—is liable to catch "anything." Cough, cold, influenza and bronchitis germs can attack through the tissues of his throat and lungs. *This is the Weak Spot.* Protect this one Weak Spot, and your child will be well all through the winter.

How to keep your child safe

The preparation specially recommended by doctors to strengthen this Weak Spot in growing children is Scotts Brand Emulsion. It actually builds up 3 times more germ-resisting power than ordinary malt and oil. It also builds bone, muscle, blood and flesh.

Start your child on Scotts Brand Emulsion today. Give especially during, and after colds for quick recovery.

Scotts Brand Emulsion

STRENGTHENS THE WEAK SPOT IN CHILDREN

Protection for you, your wife and your family . . . .

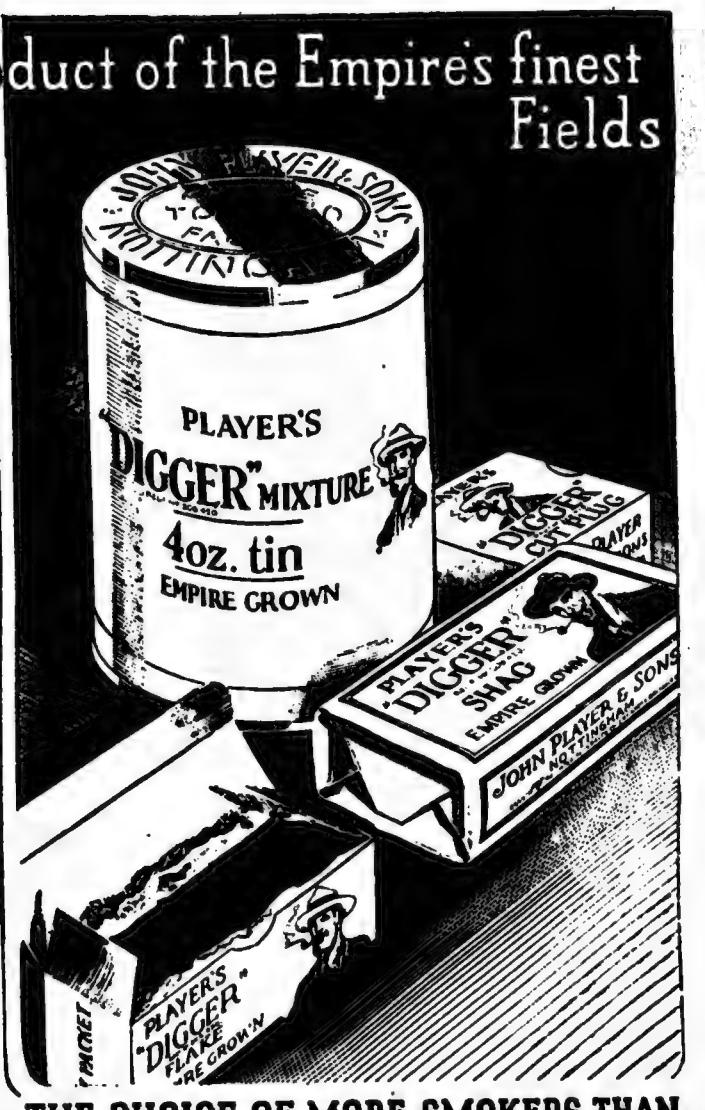
Provide for future comfort and independence by getting particulars of the Prudential "Heritage" Policy. See page 27.

SAUSAGE and MASH

is nicer with MUSTARD

—Colman's Mustard

A product of the Empire's finest Fields



THE CHOICE OF MORE SMOKERS THAN ANY OTHER EMPIRE TOBACCO

Digger fills the pipes of more smokers than any other Empire Tobacco produced. This is not remarkable when one considers that only the best Empire leaf goes to the making of Digger. At 8d. per ounce it is an exceptionally good smoke.

PLAYER'S **DIGGER** TOBACCOS

8D PER OZ
2'8-¼lb TIN

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.D. 33

NO COLDS FOR ME

When I feel one coming on, a pinch or two of Top Mill MENTHOL Snuff does the trick. "It's just what the doctor ordered"—for warding off colds.

T. & H. WILSON LTD. SHEFFIELD

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-.

A regular beggar for his Bob Martin's

"My dog never gets the exercise he needs," writes Lt. Com. C. Simpson, R.N., Liverpool, 7. "But regular conditioning with Bob Martin's keeps him fit even though he spends a great deal of his time on the hearthrug."

THE regular beggars for their Bob Martin's are the dogs who get Bob Martin's Condition Powders every week-end – morning, noon and night, every Saturday and Sunday. Your dog needs this regular conditioning, for there are no pores in his skin to carry away impurities from the blood. And at this time of year, when he gets little exercise, his need is urgent. Let him be a regular beggar for his Bob Martin's. Then he will *always* be fit and in lovely coat.

BOB MARTIN'S
TASTELESS
CONDITION POWDERS

9 *powders* 6d.; 21 *powders* 1/-

How SEPTIC Leg Rashes produce ULCERS

A well-known doctor has written: "If the skin of the lower part of the leg is damaged, or if congestion causes itching and the skin is scratched, Dermatitis is liable to arise—especially in those of middle-age—which becomes septic and healing does not readily occur. These cases go on to ulcerations and the familiar varicose ulcer is the result . . ."

Germolene Brand Aseptic Ointment brings freedom from putrefaction and all septic matter. Germolene penetrates, cleans and restores — the only true healing process.

Mrs. E. H., of Sunderland, writes: "I have had an ulcer on my ankle for *thirty years*, which has cost me no end of expense till one day a friend advised me to use Germolene. I did, but *I did not expect the wonderful result which I got, my leg is absolutely healed.*" Start *your* cure now. Buy a tin of Germolene to-day! From all chemists 1/3, 3/- and 12/- and in 4/6 tubes.

Germolene Brand **ASEPTIC OINTMENT**

Our New Snobs

A hammer-swinger and proud of it! Yet how often now does "honest labour" hide its face

"HONEST labour bears a lovely face," wrote Dekker in the sixteenth century. The saying is as true to-day as then, but there is a growing tendency among some people to blind themselves to the fact.

There are residents in Alexandra Park, North London, who are so snobbish as to object to the presence of a uniformed locomotive driver in the neighbourhood. In Wimbledon there is a 'bus conductor who must conceal the nature of his occupation from his neighbours for the same reason.

The locomotive driver in Alexandra Park has been refused the tenancy of a house; the 'bus conductor travels to and from his place of employment in mufti.

Like the locomotive driver, he is a victim of absurd snobbery. He is compelled to be ashamed of his honest job. He turns out each morning, neatly groomed, wearing a linen collar and a black tie. Because of Suburbia's susceptibilities he has to convey the impression that he is "something in the City"!

When he reaches his destination, he goes to a hairdressing establishment, where he changes into his uniform. He discards his bowler and dons a peaked cap.

The uniform he wears is like a guilty secret, which may disgrace him in his neighbours' eyes. He is, of course, a respectable, hard-working citizen, yet because of stupid prejudices, he has to keep up an atmosphere of mock "respectability," pretending to be something he is not.

During his spell of duty on the footboard he is often in a ferment lest any one of his neighbours should board his 'bus. His wife has to be reticent concerning him, his children have to conceal the fact that "daddy is a 'bus conductor." He is one of a million victims of present-day snobbery.

There are thousands like him. The garden cities and suburban townships are full of people who have suddenly become forced to be ashamed that they honestly labour for a livelihood.

THE houses they live in are uniform enough; yet they dare not wear a uniform themselves! Their lives are all too frequently grey and drab. When "Bill" lived with his family in a Bermondsey tenement, he was a navvy and proud of it. His clay pipe, his corded trousers, and his knotted muffler were the outward and visible signs of an honest working man.

But now he lives in "Marlborough Crescent," Bill's wife has to vie with snobbish neighbours in keeping up appearances. His children go to school with the sons and daughters of the man who is with an insurance office.

Bill, too, must be "in the City." His day's toil over, he is expected to change into pin-striped trousers and don a collar and tie before he takes train for "Mayflower Glen."

Like the man next door, who acts as a uniformed commissionaire in a kinema, he has left ordinary work and gone into "business." He is a victim of the new snobbery which has invaded every avenue of everyday life.

Far removed from his workmates, he is lonely. Since his conversation is usually about automatic drills and sledge-hammers, he is not a social success.

His sons entertain their friends in the parlour, which was furnished by means of hard-won wages; but too often "father" is not invited.

A girl living in the Walworth Road, in South London, received a present of a fur coat. She was employed by a well-known firm of chemists, and one day met a young man whose social position was somewhat better than her own.

SHE immediately pretended to be a "dress-designer" with a salary running to more than £400 a year. According to her story, her father was "on the borough council."

She became engaged to the young man, and she met his relatives. She was looking forward to a "happy" marriage, when he happened to call at the shop in which she was employed.

Then the whole story came out. Her father was a dustman, and he, too, had been led to pretend that he was something else.

He had been put to the trouble of changing his clothing before he came home at night. The result of the deception was that the marriage was called off. The young man had not the slightest objection to a shop girl; but he naturally resented her deception. Thus what might have been a happy romance was killed by snobbery.

Snobbery is seldom anything more than vanity, although the practice of it has led many a misguided individual to a bad end: and this was most aptly illustrated recently when John Beresford, a waiter, committed suicide in a West End private hotel.

He was an engaging young man who created the impression that he was of some means. He mingled with people of good social standing and developed a taste for extravagant living.

The inevitable result was that he got into debt. When he reached the end of his tether, he made a dramatic exit after the manner we indicate above.

QUITE as extraordinary was the case of Gordon McKinnon Ramsey, a handsome young man who met a young woman to whom he made love. Such was his vanity that he pretended to be the son of a baronet. He proposed marriage to the lady, and offered her a home in a manor house. But a letter sent to the address was returned by the postal authorities, and Ramsey was traced to his real home.

He was the son of a perfectly respectable labourer, and was himself a soldier in an infantry regiment.

Only the other day a woman was found making lanyards for use in connection with the celebration of the King's Jubilee. Her honourable handicraft is one which has been handed down through many generations.

But "Don't mention my name and address," she pleaded. "I don't want my neighbours to know."

She went in mortal dread lest people living near should learn that she worked at home!

What is wanted to dispel such foolishness is "the Wallace Beery touch." He is the son of a policeman.

The films in which he has featured have mostly illustrated the lives of humble men.

And his portrayal of such rôles has exemplified the dignity of toil.

He has not been ashamed to roll up his sleeves, fire a blast furnace, lift iron girders, or swing a sledge-hammer. Nor has he been ashamed to show the working man going home with grime on his face.

Nor does any man worthy of his salt. To work is something to be proud of. Blessed are the horny hands of toil. Homer, Carlyle, and a hundred whose names are famous, endorse the old playwright's dictum: "Honest labour bears a lovely face."

Race with "Silver Ring"

Five Pounds for a Shilling

IT is bold to try to place the first three in the Grand National two months before the race, but the weights are as anticipated, and there is an outstanding group in this year's event.

My trio is Golden Miller, Delaneige and Reynoldstown. Only accident will beat the "Miller," but we saw in an £80 race at Derby how the mighty can nearly come to grief.

When Scotch Wood, ridden by Lyall, fell, Golden Miller literally chose his steps to avoid the fallen jockey.

* * *

Backers who anticipate having a few shots at the Spring double can couple Miss Paget's fine 'chaser with their Lincoln fancies and, in most cases, obtain odds of over £5 to a shilling.

Moreover, they are not likely to beat the market by delaying matters, for the "Miller" will continue to harden in price.

Prior to the allotment of the weights for the Lincolnshire Handicap, I suggest the following:—

Commander III and Golden Miller.
Spirituelle II and Golden Miller.
British Quota and Golden Miller.

The first two doubles would return 100 to 1 and the last 165 to 1.

Readers of these notes of mine would be wise to keep a keen eye on Dracula. If this one is seen out during the next few weeks don't miss him. The son of Parth was terribly unlucky to be beaten at Kempton Park.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 31, to Wednesday, February 6.

U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M P
Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 85 E D V

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below.

ZK96S93 would read LATOI.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK should read ACCRA.

NERV-MANNA

With reference to our article of January 19 on the Nerv-Manna Laboratories, 27, Manchester Road, Southport, we learn that Dr. G. H. Wyse is in no way connected with the business carried on there.

The haunting fear of another attack of

ASTHMA OR BRONCHITIS

The fear of future attacks of these distressing complaints worries the sufferer and tends to produce the very evil that is so much dreaded. Instead of giving way to sensations of fear and despair, the path of wisdom is to notice the premonitory signs of an attack, and to use Potter's Asthma Cure without a moment's delay. Immediate relief and comfort will be gained, and the threatened attack nipped in the bud. Many thousands of former sufferers have proved the almost magical power of Potter's Asthma Cure, and you will have the same experience if you adopt the same remedy, which is free from opiates, and marvellously successful even after other so-called remedies have failed.

Always keep a supply of Potter's Asthma Cure in the home. It is invaluable in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hay Fever, Catarrh, and other lung and chest troubles. It ensures restful sleep at night, so that you will no longer fear an attack preventing you from following your occupation, or enjoying the simple pleasures of life to which you are accustomed.

OUTDOOR WORKERS
If you are subject to Asthma or Bronchitis you should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes or Smoking Mixture and so avoid attacks while following your daily occupation. Make sure that you carry a supply with you each day. Chemists and Stores everywhere sell them.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

You *must not* break down—start 'Phyllosan' tablets to-day!

Every day brings fresh evidence of the astounding benefits derived from taking 'Phyllosan' tablets. As an important medical journal says: "*There is no remedy in existence capable of strengthening the entire organism with the same efficiency as 'Phyllosan' tablets.*"

Was worn out—now feels completely rejuvenated!

"*I must tell you what a wonderful difference 'Phyllosan' tablets have made to me. A month ago I was absolutely run down . . . mentally and physically worn out. But 'Phyllosan' tablets have completely rejuvenated me. I feel years younger and in first-class health.*"—A. C——.

'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets are the authentic result of prolonged research by E. Buergi, M.D., Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne. They contain no harmful drugs. Their chief constituent is *the essential substance of all vital energy*, described by scientists as "the most wonderful substance in our world." Get the 5/- size. It contains double quantity.

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN' TABLETS TO-DAY!

Of all chemists, 3/- & 5/- (double quantity)

To revitalize your Blood, rejuvenate your Arteries, correct your Blood Pressure, fortify your Heart, strengthen your Nerves, and increase all your Physical and Vital Forces—*irrespective of age!*

Proprietary rights are not claimed in this preparation apart from the registered trade mark 'Phyllosan.'

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

FAMOUS 70 YEARS AGO — FAMOUS NOW

FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR INFLUENZA, FEVERS, COLDS, AND ALL INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY
PRICE 1s. 3d.
AT ANY CHEMIST OR STORES—
BUT SEE THAT YOU GET "FENNINGS."

SEND FOR THIS — FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR."
POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO
ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W.

1935 EDITION... FREE!

A New and greatly enlarged edition of "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" is just off the Press. It describes the easy way in which you may become an A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M.I.W.T., etc., *under our "NO PASS—NO FEE" Guarantee*, and contains the world's widest selection of courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero., and Radio Engineering, Building, etc.

If you are earning less than £10 per week, you cannot afford to miss this unique guide to a first-class job.

Don't Delay—Send for your Free copy of the Handbook to-day. No cost or obligation of any kind.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 56, Shakespeare House, 29/31, OXFORD ST., LONDON.

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime and keep FIT.
Price 1'6
Also in handbag size, with screw top. 1'3.
Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc

Thermogene MEDICATED WADDING 1/3 for Lumbago

Phensic
BRAND TABLETS

Quickest Safest FOR COLDS

"We (my husband and myself) had very nasty head colds which we could not shake off, try as we would," writes Mrs. A. McC., of London. "After the first two tablets we both felt so relieved and grateful for such speedy relief."

Be prepared against INFLUENZA, COLDS, HEADACHES, NERVE PAINS, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, etc., etc.

3d. is all you need spend to try the quickest, safest pain-killer known to medicine. This wonderful discovery of a famous London Doctor is now obtainable in 3d. and 6d. sizes. Phensic breaks up the worst attacks of Colds and Influenza with certainty and safety. Your head becomes clear, fever disappears almost at once and vitality is restored. Ask for Phensic to-day.

PHENSIC is now within the reach of everyone!

3D, 6D, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3d. Packet contains Two Full Doses (Sold Everywhere)

"SAFE AS THE BANK" John Bull — THE BIG TWO — "SAFE AS THE BANK" John Bull

RACING FOOTBALL

1/-2/-2/6 5/-10/-20/-

UP TO ANY AMOUNT CAN BE INVESTED BY LETTER in accordance with rules.

EVERY MATCH
IN ALL THE
SIX LEAGUES
is included in the
"CHALLENGER"
FIXED-PRICE FOOTBALL LISTS

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED

Send now for Price Lists on the
LINCOLN & NATIONAL & ENGLISH CUP
Every Horse and Team Priced

Please send your Weekly Lists. I am over 21.

Name .....

Address .....
J.B.

Town..... County.....

DAVID COPE LTD
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH STREET GLASGOW, C2

Mr. Cruft, of Cruft's

FOUR miles of dogs raising their voices in the world's greatest yapping chorus. Human chatter that is almost as loud.

Judges with such well-trained eyes for faults that not one escapes them, exhibitors busy with combs, sponges and even ultra-violet ray sets, and uniformed attendants stationed at the doors to keep mongrels out and preserve the doggy classiness of the place.

That's Cruft's, the biggest dog show in the world, which will be held again in London next week.

That there is cleverness amounting almost to genius behind the show is obvious to anybody. No other show enjoys such popularity or proceeds with such smooth precision. But that this cleverness should belong to a Mr. Cruft is—well, as little known as his show is famous.

For whoever heard of a Mr. Cruft, much less set eyes on him? Who, even among the exhibitors, doubts that the name of Cruft was chosen merely for its dogginess and bears no relation to any living person?

In the background

Ask some of the people who have lived among dogs all their lives, and to whom the name Cruft means show perfection. There's no such person they will tell you.

And the individual who is the least dismayed by this ignorance is Mr. Cruft himself—Cruft, of Cruft's. For it is just as he would have it.

Let us look at this foremost figure in the dog world. It will be no good going to his show to see him, for he never sees his own show—leastways, not when the public are there.

From five minutes before the doors open until five minutes after they close he is hidden away in the background, working away in an office attached to the exhibition building, more often than not concerning himself with next year's show and not the one in hand.

Then, when there is nobody about, he ventures out to see the show he built. Then Charles Cruft, the business man of rare acumen, becomes Charlie Cruft, the dog lover, and the man whom all dogs love.

He strokes a dog here, pats one there, bends to talk to one as if he were talking to a child. "See how this little fellow picked me out," he says. And all the time he is asking questions—questions not so much aimed at the success of the show as the happiness of the dogs.

Dog shows have to be brief affairs, very rarely lasting for more than two days, because the authorities feel animals shouldn't be too long in so unnatural an atmosphere. And Mr. Cruft of Crufts sees to it that their brief sojourn in an exhibition hall is as happy as it is humanly possible to make it.

Last year he spent an unusual time fussing the "Pekes." And only a few "in the know" knew the reason, that the Pekinese section had just exactly reached the size—320 entrants—of the entire original Cruft's show when it was first held forty-eight years ago.

His favourite

Seeing him moving among his canine friends after-hours you would find it hard to believe one noteworthy fact about him. That is that he doesn't own a single dog Yet, strange as it sounds, it is true.

At his house at Highbury you will find plenty of stuffed fish in cases on the walls, for angling has been one of the joys of his life. And if you are unlucky you will trip over one of his cats. He loves cats, and talks to this day of "Sol," one of his favourites

But as for dogs—well, he will tell you himself, this very reticent white-haired man of burly build and genial face who is rarely given to saying much, that his favourite dog is a gun-dog, and that he would regard himself as a very cruel man indeed if he tried to keep such a pet in London.

Very few dog owners in his own district of Highbury earn Charles Cruft's approbation. He looks at the dog, studies the owner in an effort to gauge what sort of place he lives in, and if he thinks the animal is too big for the accommodation it can share he feels none too pleased about it.

Attached to that home of his is the office where he sits the whole year surrounded by secretaries and the dossiers of so many thousands of dogs that are known to him that he might be the head of some secret police force.

The busy life he leads leaves him little time for dreaming, but when he can allow his thoughts to wander his mind plays about with his greatest ambition in life—a Cruft's show with 10,000 entries, which would be the first time such a show had been held in history. And as the figure will exceed 9,000 this year, it may not always remain a dream.

The secret of Cruft's success? Personality—most people who know him will tell you. If he knows of a better reason he is far too disinclined to speak about himself to mention it to anyone.

Yet there is no doubt that his uncanny skill in picking judges has helped him more in his career than any other factor.

Exhibitors as a class are very suspicious people. They are often inclined to say that this judge has a personal spite against them, that that man has a prejudice against a dog on the big side, that the other fellow shouldn't have been allowed to have anything to do with dachshunds because it is notorious that he doesn't like them and never did.

Mr. Cruft of Cruft's is not able to dispel all those fancies. The man has yet to be born who will. But he has an amazing faculty for picking judges who will appeal to the greatest number of exhibitors, and always uncommonly good judges at that. And the size of his show has grown in consequence.

You may go to Cruft's but you'll never see Cruft . . .

Why he succeeds

That, then, is Mr. Cruft of Cruft's, a man who has made his mark in life in more ways than one.

He started his career as an office boy employed by Mr. Spratt, the inventor of dog biscuits, used a rough cross to distinguish between wholesale accounts and retail, and to-day has the pleasure of seeing that cross imprinted as a trade mark, just as he used to make it in the ledgers, on billions of dog biscuits every year.

As a commercial traveller for doggy things he became acquainted with all the leading kennels in the country, and so, when he decided to start a dog show when he was in the early thirties, the success of it was at once assured.

Working men have beaten kings, princes and presidents at Cruft's. Rank is not worth a dog biscuit there. It's the dog you show there that matters—and nothing else.

That, perhaps, is one reason why the great founder of this great show keeps behind the scenes out of his own choice. "It's a *dog* show," he says when asked why he doesn't walk round it during opening time.

Next year, perhaps, sufficient dog aristocrats will make their way to Cruft's to fulfil the ambition of this fine old man to see 10,000 entries. He will still remain a man without a dog, although you wouldn't guess it from the affectionate little scratches he bestows on the strays attracted to the doors of his great show.

OUR JUBILEE OFFER CLOSING

HAVE you seen the beautiful Free "*Wonderland Book*" which JOHN BULL is sending to every reader who applies for a copy? If not, turn to pages 4 and 5 at once. Here you will see that you have only one further and final opportunity to secure this entrancing 28-page book.

And you must hurry, too—this historic Jubilee Offer is *definitely closing next Tuesday, February 5.*

In the "*Wonderland Book*" you are told in prose and picture, in colour and glowing photogravure, all about the "*Wonderland of Knowledge*" Library, and with your "*Wonderland Book*" there comes to you the Golden Voucher which entitles you to secure the complete 12-volume Library at once, simply on a first payment of only 5s.

In this great £250,000 Library all the wide world, its wonders and mysteries, its strange people and stranger events are spread before the eager eyes of your children. In the 6,000 large pages of this Library there are 15,000 illustrations and a hundred plates in full colour.

* * *

Nothing you can give the children will bring them greater joy. Nothing else can give them such a "chance in life."

So turn now to pages 4 and 5 and make sure of your copy of this treasury of knowledge and delight.

Gives You Slim figure Gracefulness

Cunningly Corrects Figure Faults.

The design of this unique garment is literally clever—the creation of experts who have studied every movement of the feminine figure and fashion's foundation requirements. This lightly-boned model corset embodies *maximum comfort, figure support* and fitting that enhances that graceful "Sheath-like" appearance. The subtle features of this new garment leave other models quite out of date.

1/- DEPOSIT Fashioned in lovely satin-faced cloth, lacing at back. 8 in. busk. Four easily adjusted suspenders. Only in Tea Rose. Full price of this delightful garment only 8/11 or on approval 1/- deposit and balance 2/- Monthly.

FREE-FORM BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me on approval at the Bargain Price of 8/11, a new Ambron Free-Form Model to following measurements—

Bust ..... Hips .....

Sizes range from 30 ins. to 46 ins. Bust.

I enclose 1/- deposit with 6d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- each. If not satisfied and I return the garment at once unworn, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose Coupon with full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address and Postal Order crossed thus / / in ink.

Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.

Post your Order to:—
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409, Ambron House,
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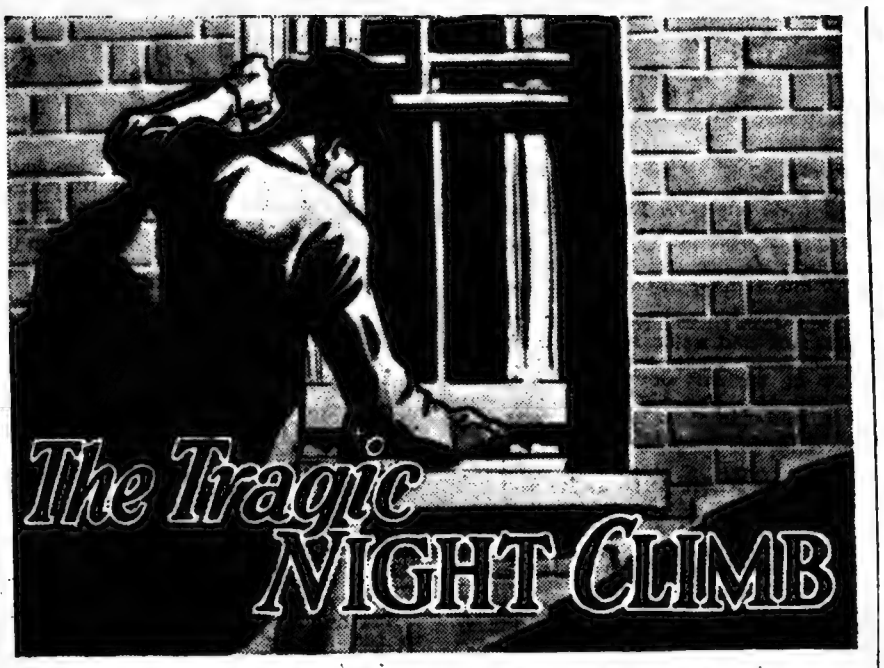
John Bull
2/2/35
No 409

VAPEX
WILL STOP THAT COLD

A drop on your handkerchief, breathed often, carries healing vapours into the nose and throat, relieving congestion and killing the germs.

CROSS OVER FOR NUTTALLS MINTOES 4D PER ROLL



The Tragic NIGHT CLIMB

Up the ladder...through the window...and then...

AT 10.40 p.m. precisely George Joy, a boiler fireman, of 74, Roker Lane, Pudsey, near Leeds, came home one night and found his house dark and the door locked. Receiving no response to his knock and remembering that it was his wife's custom to drop the latch sometimes when she was alone, he fetched a ladder and climbed through a bedroom window. Then — at the bottom of the flight of steps leading from the bedroom, he found his wife lying motionless with her head under a chair. She was barely conscious, and told him in a few broken phrases how she had fallen down the stairs. Later, she fell into a heavy sleep from which he was unable to rouse her. He telephoned for the doctor, who at once sent for an ambulance, but she died before she could reach hospital. Medical evidence disclosed that she had sustained a fractured skull.

OUR £110 CHEQUE.

Having had the foresight to become a registered reader of "John Bull," Mr. Joy has now received on account of his wife's fatal accident a cheque for £110 paid under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift. This sum includes the 10 per cent. bonus which is added to every benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing, an exclusive feature of this great Free Insurance Gift.

Week in and week out "John Bull" goes on paying generous benefits—not only for accidents in the home or garden, but also for accidents on the field of sport, accidents to the children, etc., etc.

Moreover, "John Bull" is the ONLY paper to provide Benefits on account of Fire—your deadliest enemy—the ONLY paper to dispatch cheques in time of sickness or when havoc is wrought in the home by Storm and Flood.

It costs nothing to sign the forms below—it may cost you a great deal to neglect doing so.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 2/2/35

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 2/2/35

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

Cash the Coupons

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

5,000,000 WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG *in choosing this* FACE POWDER

A complexion of fascinating beauty. A smooth 'matt' finish to the skin that lasts all day. A natural loveliness that is not affected by wind and rain or perspiration while dancing. These are guaranteed only by Poudre Tokalon.

The secret is the patent process by which Poudre Tokalon is made. "Mousse of Cream," a marvellous new ingredient is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. Therefore, Poudre Tokalon cannot dry up the natural oils of the skin causing it to become rough and dry like ordinary powders do.

This secret is known to over 5 million regular users of Poudre Tokalon in the British Isles, and many millions more all over the world. Only such an enormous production enables the manufacturers to produce a powder of such superlative quality at the low price of 6d. and 1/- a box. If you are not delighted with results money refunded in full.

Stop Hair Falling

Grow It Like This

Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued and the hair is now thick and lustrous and is a thick mass of waves and more healthy looking.
M. J. MURPHY.

Read this letter. See how you, too, can stop your hair falling and grow it again, thicker and stronger than ever. "My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin," writes Miss D. Bell. "I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from Dandruff. Also my hair which was growing grey resumed its natural colour."

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

quickly stops hair falling—regrows it thickly and strongly. Gets rid of dandruff, and quickens slow growth. Kotalko is for men's, women's and children's scalp and hair, for weak or falling hair, dry scalp and hair, and BALDNESS.

Fill in and Post this Coupon To-day.
To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9, Percy Street (53B.B.), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

NERVE-WRECKING
PRURITUS
UNFAILING RELIEF

Few skin disorders undermine the health to such a degree as itching, maddening, sleep-destroying Pruritus. Thousands of adults live in misery through the torment of this scourge. Yet it is quite needless, as a trial of the Cuticura treatment will undoubtedly prove. Over fifty years' use has established Cuticura as the supreme remedy for Pruritus, Eczema, Psoriasis and other stubborn skin diseases. You long for the relief it brings; rest assured that Cuticura will not fail you.

How Cuticura Heals

Wash the affected part daily with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching, and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura penetrates to the source of the irritation. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

Free, After Years of Torture

"For more years than I can remember I have suffered torture from Pruritus. The itching was terrible and many a night it kept me awake for hours. It was often bad enough during the day, but got unbearable at night. However, a friend told me of the benefit he had got from Cuticura Ointment and Soap and I determined to try them. I can honestly say they have been a godsend to me."
F. W. B. —, Hampstead, N.W.3.

Cuticura Ointment 1/3, 2/6 and 5/-. Cuticura Soap 1/-. Sample of Soap, Ointment and Talcum sent on receipt of 1½d. stamp for postage.
Address: Cuticura (Dept. 78, GO) Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 97 Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

Cuticura
SOOTHING ANTISEPTIC HEALING

HOT ALKALINE BATHS FOR BACKACHE

Quick, Sure Relief from Rheumatism, Lumbago, etc.

For quick and lasting relief from agonising pains in the back there is nothing so good as resting for twenty minutes in hot alkaline water supercharged with active oxygen. This rapidly eliminates, through the 7,000,000 pores of the skin, the uric acid and other deposits which are pent up in the system and form the direct cause of all rheumatic pains. A medicated alkaline bath is easily prepared at home by dissolving a handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' in a bath of hot water, which is then impregnated not only with oxygen, but also the essential constituent salts of famous curative spas. Any chemist can supply sufficient 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' for several baths for 1s. 6d.—ask plainly for "*Roo-del*" and see you get the YELLOW package.

after SMOKING

Soothe tickling throats. Freshen the mouth.

VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

MY Good Health Secret

Take the plunge . . .

BELIEVING that cold water is Nature's finest tonic, I drink at least one glass just before retiring and one before breakfast.

Another glass or two during the day, especially in hot weather, is all to the good, but I never miss my morning and night rations.

Every wash should be finished off with a sluice of cold water, for it is invigorating and tones up the whole system. Cold water is, without doubt, the cheapest, simplest and best aid to general well being, and one that is most commonly overlooked.—*I. K., Hastings.*

Think Kindly

My father, a sailor who lived to be ninety years of age, used to say "Never harbour anger—smoke it away!"

I don't smoke; but I do the next best thing. I knit them away!

An equable disposition is my proved secret of good health. Think kindly thoughts, translate them into action for those less fortunate, and in so doing one combats the spleen which frays nerves and upsets mental poise.—"*Ino,*" *Ely.*

For dancing eyes, try—

—Dancing Feet

My opportunities for outdoor recreation are very limited, but I have discovered an excellent substitute. Throughout the greater part of the year, I go once or twice a week to a dance.

The exercise keeps my circulation in working order, and in the bitterest weather I have no fear of chilblains.

Finally, not only does dancing keep me in the best of health, but it is a spirit-brightener, for it takes me among cheerful and happy people. And a cheerful outlook on life is half the battle for a clean bill of health.—*M. B., Ditton.*

Preserve Them

My secret? Good teeth. Mine are good because I have had the good sense to look after them, knowing they are the guardians of my whole system.

If your teeth are good, keep them so by constant cleaning; if they are bad—buy some new ones. Clean your teeth after every meal; nobody would use a spoon, knife or fork that had not been washed since previous use, so why use the natural knives and forks we call teeth before they have been washed?

Without doubt, clean teeth go a long way towards a clean bill of health.—*T. C., Ayr.*

After Supper, Walk Awhile

I attribute my good health to my dog's wisdom. It is his custom to take a run before we lock up for the night, but I used not to let him out when the weather was bad, much to his annoyance.

But, noticing that depriving him of his nightly exercise put him off colour the next day, I decided to let him out every night whatever the weather, and I further decided to test the value of the nightly run by going with the dog myself.

Now doggie and I are always fit, thanks to the after-supper run every night.—*Miss D., Bristol.*

Inhale Salt Vapour

Years ago, when living in Cheshire, I learned from an old worker in the brine pits that neither he nor any of his workmates had ever been troubled with what is called a "common cold."

Previously, I had found a cold the biggest health menace and nuisance imaginable.

So I took his advice and held my head over a salt vapour every night and morning.

The result has been miraculous. I have been free from colds for some years past.—*D. G., Westminster.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, February 5.

The Big Problem In My Home

Do a Bit More

Do a bit more than you need—that's my tip. With a five-roomed house and family of six, I still find time to lend an ailing neighbour a hand.

The only "jerks" I get are in making beds; the best tonic—hubby's appreciative grunt. Exercise? I get ample trotting round for the "halfpenny cheaper" provisions.

When I read of mistresses bemoaning the shortcomings of their three maids I smile; for I'm cook, charwoman, maid, mistress and mother—yet contrive to smile and keep in excellent health.—"*Bit More,*" *Co. Durham.*

—Swim For It!

A swim three times a week in the local swimming baths is my good health secret.

My work requires fit men, yet the hours—five o'clock in the evening till the early hours of the morning—tend to make one unhappy and, as a natural consequence, unfit.

But I am neither unhappy nor unfit, and can face the coldest winter. While others are suffering from 'flu and other ills, I am an "A1" man.—"*Robin,*" *Glasgow.*

Ration It

As little sleep as possible—that's my secret. Too much sleep clogs the brain and dulls the faculties; it is the chief time-waster of this world.

Six years ago I used to sleep ten hours a day, was full of colds, had headaches and saw life as in a maze.

In one year the sleep ration was cut down to six hours. Colds vanished and headaches became a rarity. I can eat like a horse, concentrate, and see the world as it is—not as it looks through sleep-dulled eyes.—*A. I., Sheffield.*

Choose Food Carefully

The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and his health takes the same route. What I eat determines what is returned as profit or loss on my health account.

Accordingly, my food is plain, fresh, wholesome and correct in quantity. Most important of all, clean. Chemically contaminated, or insect-ridden food is entirely eschewed, whilst everything that can be washed is washed—just prior to a meal.

This, with bodily cleanliness and fresh air, constitutes my ideas of the main requirements for a profitable health account.—*Mrs. B. M., Bromley.*

Keep Young

My secret of good health is to refuse to grow up.

I have noticed that most of my friends who are in ill-health fret over financial matters and treat life purely as a money-making concern. I, defying convention, have made it my chief concern to keep young in spirit.

My pals all call me "Peter Pan," and although I have made no money, I don't mind in the least—better by far health and happy-go-lucky poverty than worrisome and aging riches.—"*Norman,*" *Bath.*

Daily Dozen

While wearing khaki during the war I learned to appreciate the benefits of the daily physical "jerks" in English camp life.

A year or two ago, finding myself growing fat and correspondingly slothful, both mentally and physically, I decided to introduce the old "jerks" into my daily routine once more.

As a result, at the age of fifty, I am enjoying excellent health and a feeling of physical fitness which many young men might envy.—"*Tommy Atkins,*" *Burnley.*

* * *

To fast one day each week, that is my good health secret. I make Sunday a real day of rest and give my digestive system a complete holiday, too. Result, throughout the week I'm fit and happy.—"*Milko,*" *Kettering.*

My good health secret is to keep on good terms with my employer, wife, conscience and stomach.—*W. C. W., Staffs.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on February 2

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) DERBY v. Sunderland.
(2) Huddersfield v. Everton.
(3) LIVERPOOL v. Leeds.
**(4) MANCHESTER C. v. Leicester.
(5) Middlesbrough v. STOKE.
(6) PORTSMOUTH v. W.B. Albion.
*(7) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Grimsby.
**(8) ARSENAL v. Wednesday.
(9) ASTON VILLA v. Hotspur.
(10) BLACKBURN v. Birmingham.
(11) CHELSEA v. Preston.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) NORWICH v Manchester U.
(2) Notts v. Southampton.
(3) PORT VALE v. Swansea.
**(4) SHEFFIELD U. v. Oldham.
*(5) WEST HAM v. Bradford.
(6) Barnsley v. Burnley.
*(7) BLACKPOOL v. Fulham.
(8) Bradford C. v. BOLTON.
(9) Bury v. Brentford.
(10) Hull v. Forest.
(11) NEWCASTLE v. Plymouth.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Exeter v. Coventry.
(2) NEWPORT v. Orient.
*(3) NORTHAMPTON v. Aldershot.
(4) Q.P. Rangers v. Luton.
(5) SWINDON v. Cardiff.
(6) TORQUAY v. Brighton.
*(7) WATFORD v. Gillingham.
(8) Boscombe v. Reading.
(9) BRISTOL C. v. Millwall.
(10) CHARLTON v. Bristol R.
*(11) C. PALACE v. Southend.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) HARTLEPOOLS v. Accrington.
(2) Lincoln v. Halifax.
(3) MANSFIELD v. Stockport.
(4) ROCHDALE v. Rotherham.
(5) Southport v. York.
**(6) TRANMERE v. Wrexham.
(7) BARROW v. Chesterfield.
(8) CARLISLE v Walsall.
**(2) CHESTER v. New Brighton.
(10) CREWE v. Gateshead.
(11) DONCASTER v. Darlington.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Hibernian v. RANGERS.
(2) MOTHERWELL v. St. Johnstone.
(3) PARTICK v. Kilmarnock.
(4) St. Mirren v. HAMILTON.
(5) Airdrie v. ABERDEEN.
(6) Ayr v HEARTS.
**(7) CELTIC v. Albion Rovers.
(8) DUNDEE v. Clyde.
(9) DUNFERMLINE v. Queen's Park.
(10) FALKIRK v Queen of South.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div I.—3 (*H*); Div. II.—8 (*A*); Southern Section—3 (*H*); Northern Section—6 (*H*); Scottish League—1 (*H*) would indicate Manchester City, Bolton, Northampton, Tranmere and Celtic.

PILES
can be Ended

There are thousands of men and women who suffer awful agony day and night because of pile trouble, who do not know that every chemist stocks a special remedy that does most surely and quickly banish the misery of this wretched trouble.

Make a confidant of your chemist. Ask him about Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. He will tell you this is no ordinary ointment, but a soothing, healing, strengthening balm that at once stops the intense irritation and clears away internal, external, sore or bleeding piles.

The unique tube in which Man Zan is sold makes this preparation so easy and clean to use. The big size supply costs but 3/-, usually sufficient to clear away the most difficult case.

Remember the name of this special remedy for pile trouble—

Man Zan
BRAND
PILE REMEDY

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Beware! If Kidney trouble or Bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's safe, pure prescription called Cystex. Specially prepared to soothe, tone, clean, and heal raw, sore Kidneys. Cystex starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex is guaranteed to cure you or money back. Only 3/- from Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists, or Williams, 81, Lamb's Conduit-st., W.C.1.

Don't let constant 'phoning overstrain your THROAT

AVOID HOARSENESS BY SUCKING A PASTILLE

IF these winter days find you constantly on the 'phone, avoid a strained throat and a husky voice with 'Allenburys' Pastilles. Besides being delicious, they prevent irritation in the worst of weather. The 8d. size is especially convenient to carry in pocket or handbag—try one to-day.

Take care of your throat—take

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

From all chemists in 2 oz. & 4 oz. tins 8d. & 1/3d.

FALSE TEETH
CLEAN AND HYGIENIC

Immersion in an antiseptic solution is not enough. **Kolynos Denture Powder** ensures absolute cleanliness and the complete removal of all stains.

KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER
IN PATENT SPRINKLER TINS 1/- OF ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

Nothing Equals
MUSTEROLE BRAND
MUSTARD OINTMENT
FOR
RHEUMATISM

Read the plain, straightforward Musterole guarantee:

Ease in five minutes, and usually complete relief in five hours.

The "deep healing" of this pure, stainless ointment never fails. Its glowing warmth penetrates deep down beneath the skin, soothes the inflammation, draws out the pain. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist today. Costs 2/6d. but is very economical as owing to its great penetrating power you use very little at a time. Once you have tried it you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

A Redhill, Surrey, user says:—
"I was taken suddenly with a very acute pain right down my left leg and was unable to walk. After finding out it was acute Rheumatism, I tried several remedies, but without any real result. I went to my local chemist, and he recommended to me your Ointment. I applied it as soon as I got home after walking in misery, and after two hours the pain had nearly gone and now after a week's use of it I am completely cured."

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE *If after first few applications you are not completely satisfied, return what is left to Thos. Christy & Co. Ltd., 4, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4, and your money will be refunded.*

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment gives *certain* relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after 'FLU and COLDS.

Great New ASTHMA REMEDY!

IMMEDIATE RELIEF

and rapid immunity from ALL attacks at HALF the cost and TWICE as quickly as usual "remedies." WONDERFUL RESULTS—DEFINITE RELIEF! No powders, herbs, patent foods, injections, inhalations, sprays, or bottles. FULL 1/- SUPPLY in exchange for Coupon (1d. post) no stamps required, nothing to pay.

RELIEF FROM YOUR ASTHMA BY RETURN.

7 DŌ-DŌ Tablets 1/- PACKET FREE!
Entirely without Obligation

AMAZING TESTIMONY

"Your DO-DO tablets arrived first post this morning, and as it was a very damp and foggy morning you can picture me in the full grip of Asthma (I am a ten years sufferer).

"It was only natural I should try one and found partial relief in 5 minutes, so after a few minutes I took another and in 10 minutes or less I was a new man."—Sgd. H. W. G., Ipswich. Jan. 15, 1935.

Use this COUPON Now!

To International Laboratories, Ltd., 40a, Shelley Street, London, S.W.8.

Please send me a 1/- Packet of "DO-DO" Asthma Tablets FREE!

My Name .....

My Address .....

.....

My Chemist is .....

Address .....J.B.

STOP THAT SORE THROAT WITH 'ASPRO' & AVOID COMPLICATIONS

GARGLE THAT SORE THROAT AWAY WITH 'ASPRO'

The sore throat epidemic is SERIOUS—dangerous complications may ensue. Nip them in the bud. The best way to do so safely, efficiently and quickly is the 'ASPRO' method. Here's the way to do it:—Use gargle for throat as follows: 2 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water. For the feverish cold or mild influenza attendant with sore throat take 2 or 3 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon drink. Furthermore, the feeling of weakness—due to feverish conditions, can be removed quickly if you take 'ASPRO.' It is better to be sure than sorry, so why not get a stock of 'ASPRO' to-day? Remember it is a fact that:—

COLDS AND 'FLU CAN BE BANISHED IN ONE NIGHT WITH 'ASPRO' TOO

FIRST AID for MOTHERS

Most children are subject to Toothache, Earache, Colds and sudden bursts of Temperature. 'ASPRO' can be safely given to children so affected. It will soothe the pain away and quickly reduce Temperature.

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

'ASPRO' AND HOT LEMON SMASHES COLD

14, Sutton Way, Heston, Middlesex.

Gentlemen,

I feel it is my duty to write and tell you the benefit I have received from taking 'ASPRO.'

I am one of those people who is frequently catching cold, and sometimes being laid up for several days at a time, but now as soon as I feel one of these attacks coming on I take two 'ASPRO' tablets with a glass of hot lemon or milk. This breaks up the cold almost immediately, and within five minutes I am as right as rain again.

I shall never be without 'ASPRO.'

Yours gratefully,
WALLACE HENNING.

TERRIBLY SORE THROAT RELIEVED

5, Grosvenor Mansions, Southall.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to tell you what 'ASPRO' did for me. I never had a wink of sleep for a full fortnight. I was just about mad with pain in my head and my throat was terribly sore. I did not know where to put myself.

I got my husband to get me a packet of 'ASPRO' and this is the positive truth. After I had taken them I got a good night's sleep and felt almost better next morning. I had always had great faith in 'ASPRO' and always will.

Believe me, this is quite true—every word.

Yours truly,
McVEY (Mrs.).

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl-salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents:
GOLLIN & CO., Pty. Ltd.
('Aspro' Dept.),
SLOUGH, BUCKS.
'Phone: Slough 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

MADE BY ASPRO LTD., SLOUGH, ENGLAND

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

COLD BANISHED IN ONE NIGHT

Hill-Side Stores, Lawford, Essex.

Dear Sir,

I feel that I must write and tell you that your 'ASPRO' banished my cold the other week. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets and hot lemon before retiring at night and got up in the morning a new man.

Yours gratefully,
C. MAYTHORN.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500

OR HUGE LUMP SUM OF £900

WITH PENSION · FORTUNE & FINE NEW BONUSES

"JOHN BULL'S" 100% ENTERTAINMENT X-WORD

293

ELEGANT WRIST-WATCHES VALUE 32/6 EACH. with all prizes of £1 and over; luminous dial; ladies' model if required—5-year guarantee by the makers

£100 Between All Runners-up

BONUS AWARD value £2 a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in same envelope.

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS: To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer

TO BE POSTED ON WEDNESDAY, FEB. 20

TWICE in swift succession our Crossword First Prize has been won outright—by Mr. F. Green, 235, Manchester Road, Audenshaw, and, this week, by Miss E. M. Price, Reeth, nr. Richmond, Yorks. And now the latest of our "100 per cent. Entertainment" puzzles gives you the opportunity to make your whole future secure.

The First Prize provides an immediate Fortune of £500 and the certainty of a "John Bull" cheque for £2 every week for life, while there are many other attractions in the list of awards.

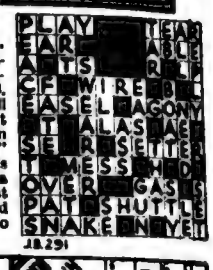
For Runners-up there is £100 for division and, as announced, there will be a further Bonus distribution of Crossword Season Tickets, value £2 each.

An added attraction in this prize-list is "John Bull's" promise of a handsome Wrist-watch, worth 32s. 6d., with the maker's guarantee for five years, to every winner of £1 or more, and special models are provided for women winners.

Surprise Awards continue and their number is unlimited. But to be among the winners your squares must reach Long Acre by noon on Thursday, February 7; if you watch this closing date, there may well be a First Prize telegram for you only seven days later.

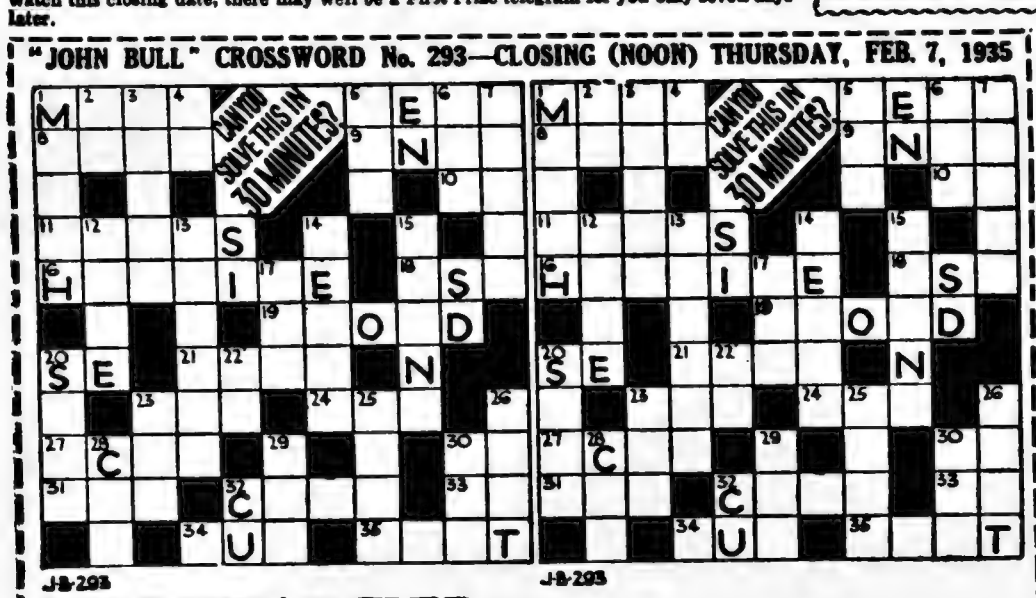
"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £500 (or a lump sum of £900) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. To the winner of any cash prize of £1 or over a Handsome Wrist-watch will be sent. A Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 14, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 21.

Solution of X-Word No. 291. Winners in Crossword No. 290 appear on page 38. Result of 291 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 291 is given here as a matter of interest to our X-Word Competitors. No claims required.



COLOSSAL 6th BIRTHDAY X-WORD OFFER COMING!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 293—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 7, 1935



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 6.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

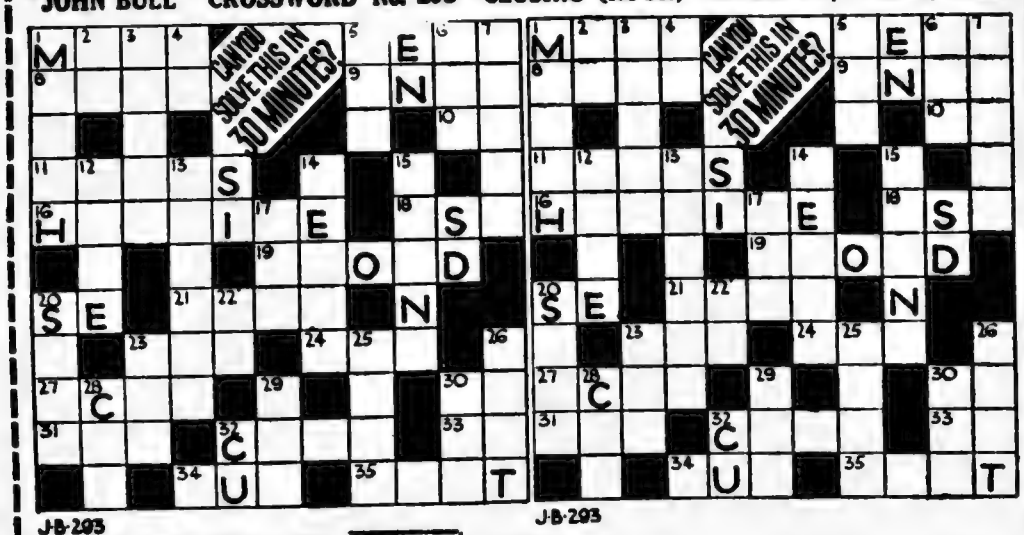
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 293—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 7, 1935



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 6.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

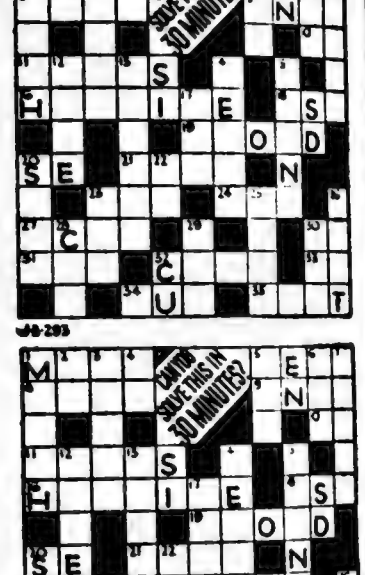
STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. They hold beer—and provide trickster's food
5. They're green and round and similar
8. Everybody's ancestor
9. Give some people this and they'll take an ell
10. Comes twice in "To be or not to be"
11. The board for this looks like a Crossword
16. Antagonistic
18. Alias "Neddy"
19. Keep away from
21. Canary's home
23. Where next invaders may drop from
24. Much of this is talked in Parliament
27. When these have been played, kings are safer
30. Front half of tram
31. Gained possession of
32. Helps to keep things right in the kitchen
33. More than half wit and half wise
34. Until teeth are thin they may cause sleepless nights
35. Many famous football teams contain one

DOWN

1. Troops often go in for this
2. Short for Urban District
3. They keep Zeppelin up in the air
4. Beginning and end of swim
5. Some wild animals end in one
6. Parliament passes it
7. Sportsmen like easy ones on the moors
12. Nursing one will improve patient's health
13. Wood can be made into
14. Has surprising effect on weight
15. Often makes food unpalatable
17. He's been in prison before
20. Smoke from this smells unpleasant
22. Last two-thirds of day
23. Is won at tennis and bought from dentist
25. Huge ones from little acorns grow
26. Is sometimes needed to get bill paid
28. Sight of one makes burglar hesitate
29. What enthusiastic athlete gets more quickly
30. They make a pair



READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it "& Co."; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, February 7, 1935.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit **TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS**, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than **TWO ENTRY FORMS** from this page plus TWO from this week's "Gazette."

Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 21, 1935. Should any competitor not announce as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, March 5, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final.

4.—No Scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100, or the Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

5.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £900 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

6.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

7.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

8.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY THUS: "John Bull" Crossword No. 293, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Free Help for X-Word Entrants. Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address, Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE. A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

The Editor Laughs Last

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

BERT (Swansea).—"Are you in favour of being cremated?" Not yet.

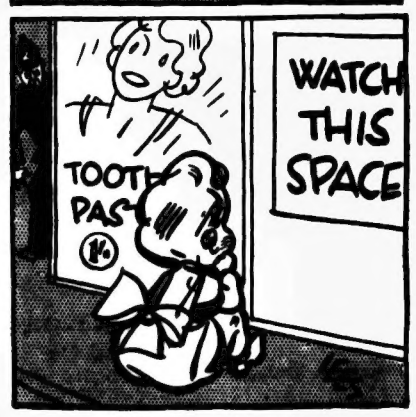
J. H. (Erdington).—"Believe me, telling fortunes by cards is all nonsense." A pack of lies?

BROKER (London).—"I'm afraid I've underwritten more than is safe." And now you are overwrought?

F. P. (Torquay).—"You can't believe all a fisherman says." No. There is usually a catch in it somewhere.

G. H. (Yarmouth).—"My husband is a very strict vegetarian." What happens when you have a bone to pick with him?

HUSBAND (Rochester).—"When my wife is sad I know that she wants something." And then you get touched.



The KID

BEE-KEEPER (Sully).—"I have found that bee-keeping isn't all honey." You've evidently been stung.

CITY MAN (Cheapside).—"Nothing I can say will make my messenger boy hurry with a parcel." Your words cannot express it.

ANIMAL TRAINER (Edinburgh).—"So as the escaped leopard went mad, I reluctantly had to shoot it on the spot." Which one?

P. R. (Glasgow).—"Since I have worked in a bakery, I have found that it is much harder work than I expected." But you can't expect to just loaf about.

J. D. (London).—"Although I wrote a 1,000-word article on milk, it was cut to 500 words when it appeared in the paper." It was condensed.

MISS S. (Cowes).—"Can you tell me what I ought to get for a large number of beautifully written love-letters?" A husband.

LECTURER (Chelsea).—"The hall where I spoke was practically empty, and then, to crown it all, I fell through the platform." You were left entirely without support.

J. L. (Llandarcy).—"A petrol shortage is forecast for the year 2000." By that time, though, the cars will be so thick that they won't move anyhow, so it doesn't matter.

CHEERFUL (Oundle).—"A man who makes people laugh is doing a service to his country." This should encourage the authors of several serious plays we have seen recently.

T. P. (Uxbridge).—"When I attempted to dismount from the 'bus between scheduled stopping places the conductor prevented me and carried on no end." We told you where you got off?

Beauty Expert (Streatham): "Milk is very good for the complexion." That is what we console ourselves with when we push our thumb through one of those cardboard discs.

LECTURER (Bristol).—"It is amazing to what depths men will sink for gold." Especially deep-sea salvage experts.

H. L. (Keswick).—"I'm a retired detective; what would you suggest as a suitable business?" Forage merchant.

ELSIE (Sutton).—"When playing whist my husband always falls asleep." He apparently prefers nap.

T. M. (Colchester).—"I was once a prosperous merchant, but am now greatly reduced." Match seller?

BRUSHES (St. Ives).—"Although I'm a successful artist, I haven't been able to paint a picture for months." Don't worry, perhaps you're a little off colour.

CONVERSATIONALIST (Hampton).—"We got into a most interesting discussion on the effects of drought." But wasn't it a dry subject?

K. L. (Stoke).—"After spending forty years as a potter, I feel I know everything about my job." You have it at your finger-tips, so to speak.

MISS T. (Oxford Circus).—"What do you think happened when my employer caught me reading a novel instead of doing my work?" You lost your place.

A. J. S. (Aldershot).—"Since I bought a cherry-wood pipe I have smoked nothing else." Not even an ounce of your favourite tobacco?

ECONOMIST (Finchley).—"Before long we shall exist by barter and all paper money and coinage will disappear." It has already!

T. M. J. (Chepstow).—"Because the train didn't stop at the station I wanted to get out at, I wrote an angry letter to the company." You were carried away.

BAKER (Chester).—"My girl's father will give his permission for her to marry me if I'll join the police force." He will give her into your custody, then?

NURSE (Salisbury).—"Thieves recently broke into an isolation hospital where my sister is employed." No doubt they will break out later.

HORTICULTURIST (London, W.).—"I have produced a new rapid-growing seed. You just plant it in the ground——" And then jump clear?

ANGLER (Totnes).—"I attribute my good catches to my intimate knowledge of the fish and their habits." Without doubt, you're a fly fisherman.

BILL (Bramford).—"The only time I hear from my brother is when he writes to me for money." He keeps in touch with you.

BAKER (Boscombe).—"The demand for the old-fashioned cottage loaf is dwindling." Well, you can't expect the occupier of "Mon Repos" to descend to a cottage loaf, can you?

PUZZLED (Newton Abbot).—"I want to get in touch with a pal of mine, but all I know is that he is on the railway." You should be able to get on his track easily.

S. R. (Brighton).—"I am told that, if I go to the House of Commons, I shall have my eyes opened." When you have heard one or two of the speeches you will probably have them closed.

G. M. (Windermere).—"A man here recently drank seven pints of lake water without any ill-effects. Isn't it amazing?" Yes, but most people, of course, put off skating until the ice is really bearing.

PEDAGOGUE (Warwick).—"What conclusion do you think I came to as the result of a long investigation into the effects of homework?" That it wasn't worth it.

ASHAMED (Dudley).—"Whatever is coming over parents nowadays that they should make such a continued outcry over the use of the cane?" You think it should be the children who should do the shouting?

J. T. C. (Aston).—"Troubles seldom come singly." Nor blessings either, remember. For instance, this week's £1,935 *Bullet* cheque is accompanied by £4 Weekly for Life and a Millionaire's Weekend in London. Win it with a coupon from page 39.

CHAIRMAN (Devizes).—"All the carefully chosen words of my speech left me when I tripped over the stairs in full view of the audience." You muttered a few that came naturally then, we suppose?

R. R. P. (Colchester).—"The country needs a man of iron will, a man who can make a decision and stick to it through violent opposition and threats, a man who is not afraid to face a hostile mob and to be in constant danger of his life." In other words, a football referee.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

L. H. (Birmingham).—"Our football ground was covered with soot from a neighbouring factory's chimney." Pitch black?

B. M. (Leeds).—"Where do women still lag behind men?" At the sales windows.

TICH (Plumstead).—"I am always up and having my grapefruit with the lark." But does the lark eat grapefruit?

C. T. (Morden).—"I get twenty-three stations with my wireless set. What do you get with yours?" Furious.

PRODUCER (West End).—"I pick some chorus girls because they look pretty, and then find that their noses or ears annoy me." They have their disturbing features.

C. W. (Portobello).—"I'm training fleas to perform in a miniature play." Why not include a centipede and make a revue of it?

D. N. (Staines).—"Young people nowadays do not fall violently in love." Unless they become so engrossed that they fail to notice the road-up sign.

A. G. (Eye).—"The local plumber here has taken up boxing professionally." Perhaps he won't take so long to come round now.

D. N. (Barnet).—"Records prove that the prehistoric man was an affectionate husband." Nevertheless, there probably were occasions when his wife annoyed him and he resorted to his club.

HUBBY (Parkstone).—"I was cleaning a room and had a heated argument with my wife when I dropped the dust container of the vacuum cleaner." It ended in a real dust up?

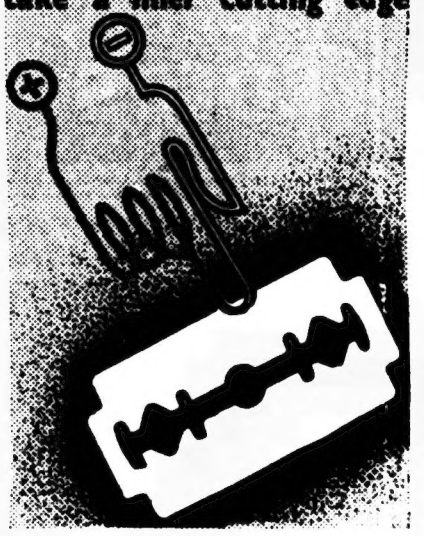
SCHOOLMISTRESS (Leicester).—"In a debate on the Government of this country I maintained that the head should be a woman and that she should be a dictator." She *would* be.

DISGUSTED (London).—"Standing in the shilling places recently at a football match, I got wet through and have decided never to do it again." Your enthusiasm has been damped.

S. B. (Colchester).—"A G.P.O. official tells me that there are 4,187,000 telephone poles in England alone." That is probably the wrong number, but we should take his word for it.

MASTER (Streatham).—"Very few schoolboys nowadays, I find, really understand what their school stands for." But most of them have a very keen realisation of what it won't stand for.

ELECTRICALLY TEMPERED BLADES take a finer cutting edge



BECAUSE it is now possible as a result of Gillette's special electrical-tempering process, to get two tempers into one blade. Soft at the ends where it must bend to the razor—harder than ever down the sides to give the edging machines a real chance. Not only do you get a keener cutting edge than before, but the harder tempered edge gives a longer life to every blade.

LARGE PACKET 2.6 — SMALL PACKET 1/3

BLUE GILLETTES

IT'S ALL IN THE PAPER—*use A.G's*

What's the use of buying that carefully blended tobacco unless you ensure getting the real flavour by using A.G. the *super-thin*, absolutely pure, cigarette papers.

Your cigarettes will last longer too—A.G's are specially made for *slower* burning and cooler smoking.

Say A.G. and see you get them. They're the best, but cost no more.

Start now! *A.G's fit all machines and give best results.*

AG — *The better paper for better cigarettes.*

HEAD COLDS

"Nostroline" nasal remedy instantly relieves Head Colds. Acts in 30 seconds. Opens breathing passages, ends congestion in nose, throat and chest, stops Catarrh. Get "Nostroline" to-day and banish infection where it starts. Safe even for the youngest child. 1/3 all Chemists.

YOUR NOSE NEEDS NOSTROLINE

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J. 93. Clifton, Bristol.

KOMPO FOR COLDS

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Make sure of the best by having THE GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE Battery-driven self-contained Set—a triumph of Radio skill & enterprise.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis. British Valves. Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. **IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN.** H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid **£6.16.0** or **8/-** monthly. Fullest Approval. **NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.**

8/- NOW

Mr. G. A. B. of Newbridge, Mon., writes:—"It may interest you to know that within a ½-hour (of receiving the National 3-Valve Set) I had it working splendidly, and we were all amazed at its beautiful tone. It has given every satisfaction as has everything we have had from your firm during the past 18 years."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of latest designs for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

PENSION AND £500 CASH AGAIN WON OUTRIGHT

Result of Crossword Competition No. 290.

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from:—MISS E. M. PRICE, REETH, Nr. RICHMOND, YORKS, who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive £2 Weekly for Life and £500, or one lump sum of £900.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, February 12, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 62 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 12s. 4d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A Crossword Season Ticket containing 80 Free Entries in our contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above awards, the winner of the First Prize and each of the 62 Runners-up will also receive, in accordance with the conditions announced, a Bonus Award of a Giant Hamper Surprise Awards were won by 544 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

A Splendid X-Word Offer with a Pension of £2 Weekly for Life and £500 Cash, or one lump sum of £900 with £100 to be divided between Runners-up and an elegant Wrist-Watch for every Prizewinner, appears on page 36. Try your skill now!

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 NOW

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles. Tandems Roadsters. Racers. Club Models

J. G GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

ACUTE GASTRIC ULCER

Mr. Simpson, 151, Harbottle St., South Byker, Newcastle, writes: "I feel I must write and tell you the great benefit I have got from Vitadatio. The doctor told me I had **Acute Gastric Ulcer.**' I was in agony and tried all kinds of medicines without avail. My food did not digest, I felt dizzy and my knees felt as if they were giving way. I am now on my seventh bottle, and I say thanks to Vitadatio, because I am a new man in every way and shall always recommend it to anyone suffering."

Vitadatio

SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The world-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood-purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. There is no substitute for Vitadatio, it has succeeded when all else has failed. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites & most Chemists & Stores 3/- & 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special 21/- bottles, for export only, containing 3 weeks' supply, post free.

VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

WHEN YOU SIMPLY CANNOT SLEEP.

Here's the way to end those tiring, nerve-destroying hours of lying awake at night. It's not a new-fangled drug. It's a way doctors have been recommending for over 50 years. Get a bottle of Wincarnis and take three glasses a day. One in the morning: one in the afternoon and the third before you go to bed.

You'll be amazed how delicious it is and what a difference it makes the very first night. Wincarnis actually creates rich new blood to feed and restore those tired, restless nerves which keep you awake. It brings you the sound, dreamless sleep from which you wake refreshed and really invigorated.

For 50 years Wincarnis has proved invaluable for all who are run-down, nervy or exhausted, for men and women of all ages. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from medical men for cases of neurasthenia, debility, sleeplessness, neuralgia, and run-down conditions generally. Try it yourself to-day.

HOW WELL-KNOWN AIRMAN CURED DIGESTIVE TROUBLE

Remarkable letter from producer of London-Melbourne Air Race Film

Everybody knows of Mr. Roy Tuckett, the aerial film pioneer whose film "London-Melbourne" is attracting such large audiences at cinemas all over the country, but few know that he was very nearly compelled to give up his career as an airman through acute digestive trouble. In his own words: "A year ago I feared I could not carry on. I could not eat a meal, I could not even drink a cup of tea without suffering agony from indigestion. Nothing I tried seemed to bring me any relief. I had two X-rays and my appendix was removed—all to no avail. I was on the point of abandoning my flight over the Australian Air Race Route when, as a last resource, I tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. To my amazement the first dose brought instant relief so I continued the treatment, carried the powder on my flight and am now completely cured."

And you too, can obtain just as great and speedy relief as this famous airman. But be sure to get the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Do not accept an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pence but ask your chemist for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and be sure to see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton before you buy. It is not sold loose, but only in bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets at 1/3, 2/- and 5/-.

WHO IS YOUR SKINNY FRIEND, MARY?

Tell him to take Cod Liver Oil for a couple of months and get enough good, healthy flesh on his bones to look like a real man.

Or tell him he needn't swallow Cod Liver Oil with its fishy taste, because he can now get the wonderful vitamins of Halibut Liver Oil, which is even better than Cod Liver Oil, put up in sugar-coated tablet form.

Tell him to ask for Clotabs. Every chemist sells them at 1/3 and 3/- the bottle. Any man or woman can put on 3 lbs. of healthy flesh with 30 days' treatment as prescribed or the money will be refunded by the makers.

A little boy who was run-down and underweight gained 21 lbs. of sturdy flesh. A lady at Wembley who was "always tired" gained new energy and strength. A man who was thoroughly run-down after teeth trouble found immediate improvement and gained at least 3 lbs. For useful weight recording Chart send 1½d. in stamps to Macleans Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Mdx.

YOUR COLD -gone tomorrow!

When you are downright ill with a cold—feverish, shivering, sneezing, head aching, throat burning, just take one or two 'QUINCASCA' Cold Cure Tablets and you will agree that they are the quickest remedy on record. Two a day keep colds at bay.

Tin of 30, 1/3; Family size 3 times the quantity 3/-. All Chemists, or post free from Laboratories (Dept. 8 B) 12 Chemies St. London, WC1

QUINCASCA Cold Cure Tablets **FREE** Send postcard for trial sample.

Sold with a Satisfaction-or-Money-Back Guarantee.

Send for this FREE RECIPE BOOK.

Readers should fill in the coupon on p. 25 for a free copy of a useful Cookery Book "Secrets of Light Pastry and Better Cakes." Every housewife ought to have a copy. Turn to p. 25 n.w. fill in your name and address, then post the coupon!

LET "JOHN BULL" MAKE 1935 YOUR GOLDEN YEAR

TWO competitors have just won the right to a *Bullets* Life Pension, and their names are seen in the result below. But even their fine awards are completely eclipsed by the Giant 3-in-1 First Prize which this week heads our first Monster *Bullets* Offer of Jubilee Year.

First, JOHN BULL will make the winner wealthy with the appropriate sum of £1,935 cash; he will add security for life by providing a Pension of £4 weekly; these he will crown with a Millionaire's Week-end in London for Two.

What finer return for a few words could you wish for than this unique 3-in-1 award? And remember that in addition to this chief prize, there are many other substantial cheques and smaller awards totalling over 10,500. This Contest brings also an unlimited distribution of the new *Bullets* 1935 Gift Book; this invaluable guide to success in our Contest is available for all who use the Presentation Coupon from opposite page as directed.

Instructions *Examples* and coupons for entry are also awaiting you there; get your entry in by Saturday, February 16, and riches with independence for life may be yours for spending an amusing half-hour on *Bullets*.

TWO LIFE PENSIONS WON—COMPETITION NO. 967

FIRST PRIZE—£3 WEEKLY FOR LIFE OR £1,000 CASH:

Mr. R. C. LEWIS, "Ivydene," Starhill, Woking.

Example: BEACONS
Bullet: "ORANGES" UPSETTING ROADHOG'S "APPLE-CART."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE—£1 WEEKLY FOR LIFE OR £350 CASH:

Mr. J. BERRINGTON, 2, Priory Avenue, Harlow, Essex.

Example: SHATTERING
Bullet: CONVENTION'S BARRIERS, "THREE FEATHERS."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

W. A. CAMPBELL, Clonville, Clonalour, Tralee.
Example: Fear
Bullet: "Born"—You *Needn't* "Register."
(Entered on 'Season Ticket" coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: W. HARLAND, 34, Joel Lane, Hyde, Cheshire.
Looking For Work—"Age, Dad?" Ages Dad.

£15: V. A. B. SCUPHAM, "Applegarth," Rook Hill, Chaldon.
Looking For Work—Britain Still Best "Haystack."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£10: W. WILSON, 22, Havelock Street, South Shields.
Going Straight—Difficult—Hungry Kiddies "Tugging."

£9: Mrs. I. PARFITT, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash
When Dad Comes In—"Soaked"—Advised To "Change."

£8: Mrs. T. H. THOMAS, 39, Springfield Road, Pontymister.
Sweetens Life—Contentment's "Cake"—It's "Home-made."

£7: D. WHITE, 9, Board Street, York.
Living Dangerously—Closing Eyes "To Cross."

£6: Mrs. B. GATES, 48, Ronald Park Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.
"Come Back!"—Wealth Cries—Health Laughs.

£5: A. R. COUZENS, 83, Higham Road, Tottenham, N
Human Clay—Father—Inhuman, Father's Clay.

10 OF £2 10s. EACH:

W. A. ADAMS, "Wayside," Wellesley Road, Sutton, Surrey.
Human Clay—"Wheels" Mustn't Make *Shapeless.*

A. CLARKE, High Street, Muinebeag Co. Carlow.
Across The Water—"Wattie I Ordered *Soup!*"

P. V. DOOLEY, 47, Thornton Street, Skipton.
Policemen Are Wonderful, But Rogues And Sergeants Sceptical!

W. FIELDHOUSE, 7, Hillthorpe Terrace, Pudsey.
Auntie's Diary—Lost—Finder Apply "Rewarded"!

H. FULLERTON, 13, Sydney Street West, Belfast.
When Dad Comes In—Sister's "Puppy" Follows Cat

G. HOWARD, 32, Irwin Crescent, Belfast.
Nobody Noticed—Furs—Hens "Ruffled Feathers."

H. E. MARTIN, 56, Bowman Street, Carlisle.
When Children Grow Up—Home Unattractive—Later, "Magnet."

J. C. McKEE, Ballymullan, Lisburn.
Bubbles—On Financier's Skilly Reminders!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

E. W. REID, 34, St. Aldate Street, Gloucester.
Beauty Treatment—Our "Beast" Of Climate.

Mrs. A. WEIR, 13, Caledonian Road, Edinburgh.
Sweetens Life—Then Forgets Pie's Sugar!

A list of 50 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. **2.** Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. **3.** The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and their families are not eligible.

"BULLETS" WORLD CRUISE

The Turner family, now circling world in s.s. "Empress of Britain" at *John Bull's* expense, sent following farewell cable from Monaco:—

"EMPRESS BRITAIN SAILING TONIGHT—AMAZED SIZE AND LUXURIOUS COMFORT SHIP—ANTICIPATE DELIGHTFUL VOYAGE — THANK FELLOW 'BULLETEERS' FOR MANY KIND LETTERS.—TURNER."

RESULT OF POSTCARD CONTEST.

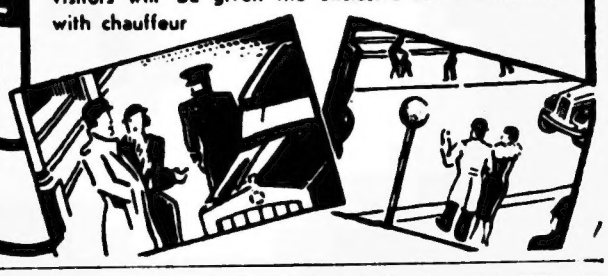
Five £1 Winners in "Farm Postcard" Contest, announced in *John Bull* dated January 12:—V. Bell, 9, Dalston Gardens, Greenford; Miss I. Dickson, 49, Tennyson Street, Bootle; Miss K. F. Hinchcliffe, 55 Commercial Road, Harehills; B. Oliver, 10, Beaconsfield, Woodstock; D. H. Wallace 40 Hawthorn Street, Liverpool.

£1,935 Cash plus £4 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

AND MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END

IN LONDON FOR TWO TO CELEBRATE YOUR SUCCESS

Winner and chosen companion will be invited to enjoy a week-end at a luxurious West End Hotel. Every London thrill and entertainment which can be packed into the time will be provided by "John Bull," whose visitors will be given the exclusive use of limousine with chauffeur



£3,500 CASH MAY BE CHOSEN IN PLACE OF 3-in-1 PRIZE

Other Prizes £150 10 of £5 each · 10 of £2.10 each · 25 of £1 · 500 of 2/6 · 2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS' · 10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES £50

UNLIMITED PRESENTATION of "BULLETS" 1935 GIFT BOOKS

Enclose Gift Coupon below with 8 or more "Bullets" and "John Bull" will present this invaluable Pocket Guide to success in 1935.

HOW TO WIN THIS GIANT PRIZE!

TAKE each *Example* in turn and jot down all the rough notes it brings into your mind, remembering that any opinion you hold or have heard, or any little incident you have seen or read about, may give you the foundation for an effort worthy of the top of the prize-list.

Now, since a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, your next course is to compress these first thoughts of yours into apt and original comments. Polish up the phrasing, so that without sacrificing the meaning of the words your thought is expressed in crisp and telling fashion.

For instance, you might work on the *Example*, MAD GAMBLE; your first jotting might be *Roadhog Often Takes With Life*. This you could readily compress and improve into the finished *Bullet*, MAD GAMBLE—AS ROADHOG "TWISTS WHEEL."

Before starting on your own *Bullets*, be wise and study carefully the good points of the winning efforts on the previous page. Then set off on your golden journey with confidence, putting your very best into the *Bullets* you place in the judges' hands by Saturday, February 16.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

LOAD OF MISCHIEF
IN WAR'S TRAIN
DANGEROUS ROAD
MADE FATHER SMILE
THE SMUGGLER
IN HYSTERICS
HIS CLUB
DEFIANTLY
WHEN ANGRY
NO LONGER
IN CHORUS
SHOWING OFF
BLIND WITH RAGE
TO EASE THE PAIN

IN HITLER'S HANDS
WHEN WORLD'S AT PEACE
SAID BALDWIN TO RAMSAY
MAD GAMBLE
PRESENTING ARMS
IF WE LIVED IN UTOPIA
TO BRING HER ROUND
ALWAYS
WORTH PROMOTING
GOOD ADVERTISEMENT
AT THE SWITCHBOARD
THROUGH THE AIR
WHEN WIFEY BROADCASTS
LITTLE PICKLE

POTS OF MONEY
HIS MASTER
TERRIBLE BLOW
DEVOTED COUPLE
WHAT'S BEHIND
ARMAMENTS TRAFFIC
LAST ROUND
IN POVERTY'S GRIP
WORRIES
"YOU'RE LATE!"
OUR TROUBLE
HAPPY LAND
NEXT TIME WE VOTE

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

TO SECURE YOUR FREE COPY

of this unique "Bullets" 1935 GIFT BOOK

You have simply to enter 8 Bullets for our Birthday Offer, either on ordinary coupons or prize coupons and enclose GIFT COUPON below, duly filled up with name and address in which your 8 Bullets are entered. You will then receive, when prizes are despatched, a Bullets 1935 Gift Book, entirely FREE!

HERE IS YOUR FREE GIFT COUPON

J

N.B.—Unless this Coupon is actually enclosed in envelope with 8 Bullets entered in name and address below, it is valueless and cannot qualify you for a 1935 Gift Book

I enclose _____ (fill in number of coupons, not less than four) Bullets Coupons for Competition No. 971, all entered in name and address below. (These may include Prize Coupons).

Name _____

Address _____

In Full _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(971) Closing SAT., Feb. 16. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 1st Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(971) Closing SAT., Feb. 16. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(971) Closing SAT., Feb. 16. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(971) Closing SAT., Feb. 16. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(971) Closing SAT., Feb. 16. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, cut it out before completing your "Bullets" coupons, remembering that efforts can be entered on plain paper if desired.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 971, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ALMOND OIL **ZEE-KOL** TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in a few nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When Washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

PALM OIL
costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL
costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. S14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

I am getting older every day — my skin is all dried up and has no life at all, and I am getting more creases and wrinkles. The wrinkles must come from this very dryness.

How I have changed!—not a wrinkle!—that Zee-Kol Almond Oil soap is marvellous. Every crease and every wrinkle have disappeared. It must be the Almond Oil. I never knew soap could do this. All the soaps I have ever used have only dried my skin. The perfume is beautiful. I can smell the perfume all the time. I have no fear of my face looking old and creased now.

NO SOAP — NO BRUSH

SHAVEX

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the world. Beware of imitations. THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING which takes a quarter of the time. WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX.

Good Lord! It's twenty to eight and I have to dress, shave and have my breakfast by eight o'clock, but what the odds, having Shavex it only takes a minute or two to shave.

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect shave? Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard, and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave. Always give Shavex a fair trial with a good razor blade, and there is none better than the Shavex Blade, which is the most perfect Blade on the market. These blades, originally 4d. each, are now reduced to 2d.

Hey! Presto! I've had a perfect shave in two minutes. I washed, and while my face was still moist I smeared Shavex over it, and with the use of a Shavex Super Blade I've had the finest shave that anyone could ever have. I feel as fresh as a daisy.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in

6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

Now I've got ten minutes to have my breakfast and a nice walk and catch the 8.15 train. When I think of the old soap and brush method with my face all smarting and the time it took me, Shavex is indeed a godsend. Since I have used Shavex everybody tells me how well and young I look. It's the Shavex Cream containing Almond Oil which I rub in after I shave that preserves my skin and keeps the wrinkles away.

SKIN DISEASES
Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol.

Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles of the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm, and youthful. We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

Per Pot - - 1/-;
Large Pot - 2/-;
Large Tube 9d.;

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night, every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

AT THE CASINO.

HEILA: Look at that beautiful dancer. That is Naldo. She is supposed to be the loveliest woman in the World. She is Venetian. Everybody raves over her lovely skin. She has a special cream she uses.

BARBARA: Oh, Darling! Do tell me what it is.

HEILA: I asked her hairdresser this morning, and he told me it was a cream called Doge Cream, and he also told me that she never uses soap for her face and neck, only this Doge Cream. Doesn't she look beautiful! I thought the Cream must cost at least 10/- a pot, but you can get it for 1/- and 2/-.

BARBARA: That's wonderful! I shall not rest until I have got some.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF DOGE CREAM.

For a sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. Do.8), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

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